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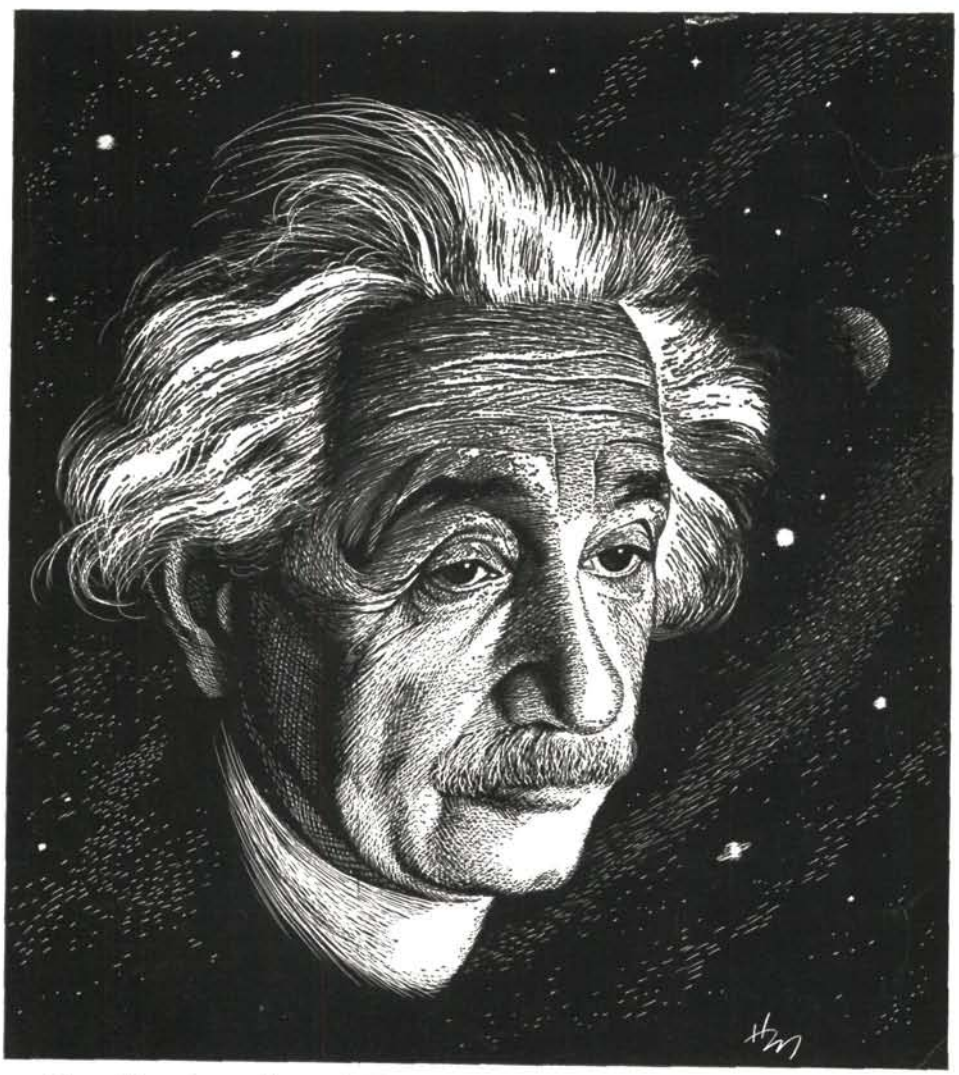
VOL. XXX No. 10 MARCH 8, 1947 FIFTEEN CENTS



Albert Einstein, subject of "Einstein: His Life and Times." (See page 12)

Notes of an International Meddler

By ROBERT R. YOUNG

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March 8, 1947

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXX, No. 10, March 8, 1947. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1947, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc. Registered United States Patent Office.

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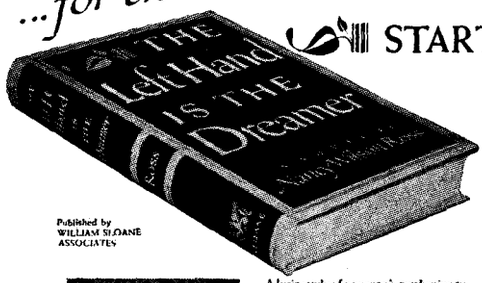

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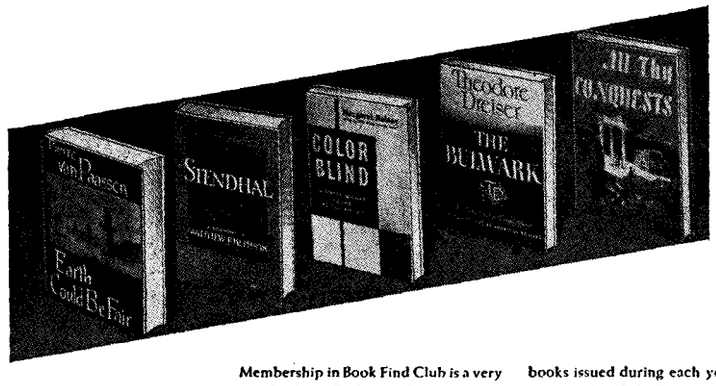

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TRADE Winds

TRUCKING STRIKES and other unexpected delays at the height of the holiday season created such confusion in publishers' billing and shipping departments that approximately normal conditions only now are being restored. Chief casualties were the secondary novels published in the late November and December avalanche, mourned only by their authors, completely unheard of by the public—and the tempers of booksellers who never knew what to expect from day to day. Consider the experience of Ellen Smith, of Elder & Johnson, in Dayton.

Miss Smith, one of the best buyers in the business, ordered a hundred copies of a new novel scheduled for October publication. When no books had arrived by November 20, she canceled the order. A week later she received (1) the hundred books, and (2) a note which made it apparent her cancelation had been mistaken for a reorder. The second hundred copies were in her stockroom before she could say "damn." Miss Smith addressed her next letter to the president of the publishing house himself. "Through no fault of mine," she noted, "I now have two hundred copies of a book I didn't want at all." The publisher wired, "Leave this to me." Three days later two hundred more copies of the book arrived at Elder & Johnson's! "Are you going to write again?" Miss Smith was asked. She answered, "I don't dare!" . . .

THE DECCA ALBUMS of Song Hits from "Oklahoma!," "Carousel," "Annie Get Your Gun," and other Broadway smash musicals, sung by the original casts, have revolutionized the record business. Jack Kapp, fabulous president of Decca, credits a page from Hendrik Van Loon's "The Arts" for his inspiration in introducing these albums.

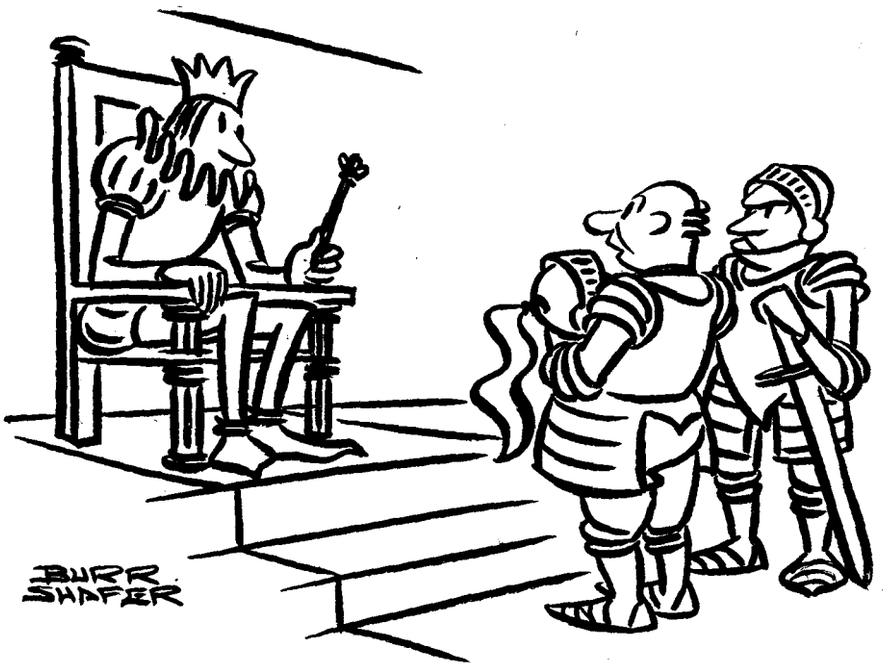
> A style [wrote Van Loon], whether in architecture, music, or painting, must always represent a mode of thinking and a pattern of living of some particular generation. But as the human race does not move forward in serried ranks but in a most haphazard and irregular fashion, a few small groups of courageous pioneers will always be at the head of the procession with a horde of stragglers at the tail end. . . . Contemporaries, like the soldiers taking part in a battle, have no chance of ever finding out what is really happening all around them. We know only what occurs in our own little sector, but those who live a hundred years later are able to get a true perspective of all the charges and countercharges. . . . We see the arts in their true perspective and therefore we judge of them as a whole, as an entity. But we should remember that to those who lived at the moment they were being created, they must have appeared in a very different light.

Kapp mulled over this paragraph and said to himself, "Why not give living composers the same accolade and homage as the ones who have been dead a hundred years? If albums of music by the classical composers will sell, why can't it be done with the music of Gershwin, Berlin, or Rodgers?" Enlisting the services of Bing Crosby and other Broadway favorites, he set to work. The "Oklahoma!" album alone sold over 600,000. "Holiday Inn" and "Carousel" are not far behind. The "Annie Get Your Gun" collection, top grosser of 1946, may equal "Oklahoma!" before it is finished. . . .

ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR songs in the "Annie" score, incidentally, "Doin' What Comes Naturally," had to be equipped with a brand-new lyric before the radio solons would allow it to be broadcast. A similar fate is overtaking more and more of the "sophisticated" lyrics of the day, as cautious sponsors scurry to evade the disfavor of reinvigorated censorship squads. The names of other songs banned entirely from the air in recent weeks tell their own story: "Horizontal," "She Had to Go and Lose It at the Astor," and "Who Did It to Mary?" More mysterious are the vetoes on "Huggin' and Chalkin'," and Cole Porter's well-known "Love for Sale." According to Abel Green, all-knowing editor of *Variety*, there are a lot of other songs that have escaped the axe only because they are now accepted stand-bys, or because the censors don't realize the true meaning of the hep-cat lyrics. He cites as examples, "Frankie and Johnny," "Body and Soul," "If I Could Be with You One Hour Tonight," "The Viper's Song," "Straighten Up and Fly Right," and "St. James Infirmary."

Just who *are* the people who decide what songs the American public may hear over the radio, nobody seems to know. They blue-pencil the scripts of commentators and comedians too, with results that have been questionable, to say the least. On one occasion, when the censors ruled that a certain program could not mention the name of a dread disease over the air, the announcer, at the risk of his job, made monkeys of them publicly by injecting the explanation, "This disease derives its name from the famous Greek poet Syphilis." . . .

SINCE THE DAY "Color Blind" was published, authoress Peg Halsey has been receiving letters asking, "What can *I* do to improve race relations?" To answer that question, Miss Halsey, Lee Wright, Shirley Ender, Nina Bourne, and Anne Holahan have begun to



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Then it's agreed—we stop fighting and the taxpayers support *both* the king and nobles.

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"It's from that radio jingle contest. We've just won a Chevrolet!"

publish a monthly bulletin called "Better Race Relations." Sample copies may be obtained by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Dept. A, 210 West 90th Street, New York 24. . . . The latest MGM prize novel, "Return to Night," by Mary Renault, shares headline honors with Nevil Shute's "The Chequer Board" on a strong Morrow spring list. . . . Ingrid Hallen, so easy to look at, is back with Ziff-Davis after a stretch as publicity head for the "Author Meets the Critics" radio program. . . . Taylor Caldwell, who can dash off a 200,000-word novel in the time it takes ordinary mortals to write the last line of a limerick, has completed her latest, "There Was a Time." Scribner's promise it for May. . . . Bernard Sobel, extolling the virtues of the honorable craft of press agentry, points out that graduates from this exacting apprenticeship include Arthur Kober, Lillian Hellman, Sam Hoffenstein, Russel Crouse, S. N. Behrman, Irving Hoffman, Russell Janney, and Ben Hecht. "Too long," concludes the persuasive Mr. Sobel (one of the best known of the fraternity himself), "has the press agent been without honor in the country he loves." . . .

THIS DEPARTMENT has been digging out slowly from the deluge of dubious nominations for the literary crew of dat ole dabil Smith's millpond *Leviathan*. When I tell you that the following examples are among the better ones, you will get a rough idea of the general average:

Officers' Mess: More Kendall
Cook: Joe
Gunnery Officer: Jimmy Salvo
First Louie: Untermeyer
Second Louie: Sinclair
Officer of the Poop Deck: Phyllis Bottome
Chaplain: Charlie
Purser: Bysshe Shelley

It has been suggested further that the vessel carry a Sarah N. Foghorn, a G. B. Stern, Edgar Allan Prow, Deck Tregaskis, and antidotes for Walter Mal de Mere, and that it be Struthers Berthed at Dickory Dickory Dock, near Pier Gynt. And now with your permission, and special thanks to B. Huebsch, G. Larson, E. Gilbert, A. M. Corcoran, H. Elliott, L. Fairchild, and M. Berken, we will bid an anything - but - reluctant farewell to Skipper Smith's Show Boat, the menace of the North, and while the sun sinks slowly over the F. F. Van de Water, sail peacefully away to the haunting strains of "Land Lubber Come Back to Me." . . .

A WRITER WHO lives above Radio Star Morey Amsterdam's apartment called up late one night to register a complaint. "You people are making such a racket," he said, "I can't even hear myself typewrite." "That's easy to remedy," answered Amsterdam cheerfully. "Typewrite louder."

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

THIS time I'm going to pretend that we've just tuned in on a radio battle over **A Garden To The Eastward** by HAROLD LAMB. So conjure up dial-twisting and static:

A. van A. van McCaffrey: Yes, but Mr. Traussig, you know our foreign policy as expressed by the actions of our State Department has always been to find out what other countries are doing.

Mr. Streppel: Uh, may I cut in just a moment to say that I think Mr. van McCaffrey pushes the point a bit far. Whatever his own views on the uh State Department are, **Garden To The Eastward,** it seems to me, is in no sense a political book. It is true that you do have the background of post-war probings of a primitive and more or less defenseless region of the earth uh by nations, namely England, Russia, and in its blundering way, the United States. You have for example the Russians, ostensibly conducting an archeological expedition into Kurdistan and Araman. And you have Jacob Ide reporting to Washington on what he thinks is going on there, oil and so on. But this book is, it seems to me, essentially the love story of Jacob Ide and Michal.

Mr. Stitch: I would go further if I may . . .

A. van A. van McCaffrey: You may, Mr. Stitch, but the going will be tough in this highland terrain, which I think it only fair to tell our audience, is called Araman and is presumably the site of the Garden of Eden. Before the program I tried to find Araman on the map, and the nearest I could determine, was that it is somewhere North and East of Palestine. But I interrupted you . . .

Mr. Stitch: I was going to say that much of the strength and beauty of this book, and it does have a strong measure of both, lies in HAROLD LAMB'S almost necromantic power to fuse the distant past with the present in a way which enhances the significance of both. In all its externals—its dates, its chief characters, its political awareness, this is a modern novel. Yet there is a timeless counter-song, an echo of voices heard when the world was young.

A. van A. van McCaffrey: Why, Mr. Stitch, you're truly poetic.

paul

DOUBLEDAY 50th Anniversary

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The lost and found generation

FOR AT LEAST ten years following World War I, the reading public watched the so-called "lost generation" emerge. We talked about it and it became a reality because the young novelists of the day gave it expression. That generation, with its archetype "the sad young man", is now obsolete.

Some young writers of the early twenties have moved securely and eminently into literary history. Others are forgotten. But in looking back we recall the thrill of discovery, the experience of recognition, as each new talent came along. It was the personal discovery and identification that mattered most, not what publishers and critics said was good. The pattern of a unique age in which we lived gradually pieced itself together before our reading eyes, then dimmed out during the depression and finally blew up in World War II.

These current post-war years should be even more fruitful. There is high tension among publishers and critics. There is much watching of the literary skies for the appearance of the new Hemingways, Dos Passos, Faulkners, Fitzgeralds, Wolfes, Steinbecks and other replacements to set down in fiction the picture and the meaning of the new, and as yet, undefined, "lost and found" generation born out of World War II.

This feeling of expectancy is nowhere more evident than in the morning-after eyes of publishers' readers, editors and promotion boys and girls who have been tricked into passing up a real night out to stay in and read the manuscript of the latest candidate for next year's Pulitzer Prize or the Nobel Prize for literature twenty years hence. Reading of new fiction is no longer quite the chore it used to be around the office. There is still a great river of sterile ink flowing from the hinterlands of book-writing America. But fishing that river is high adventure and a major sport these days. The big ones are beginning to run.

We are not content any longer with a mere portrayal of our "lostness". The "sad young man" as a type has no counterpart in the demobilized world of today. He's sad all right, but he's fighting sad. And the new novelists aware of this difference are the ones to be watched as takers of top honors in public acclaim.

Half the fun of publishing, bookselling, and literary criticism lies in the discovery of new talent. But before we can recognize new talent we must feel inwardly the forces at work in the contemporary social vortex. Even before being told, we know that this, the atomic age, has been ushered in on the wings of fear. But that very fear leaves little room for old-fashioned disillusionment. Now it is a case of use your head or die, which is another way of saying that this generation has had a social conscience forced upon it. There is no longer room for a selfish pursuit of pleasure as a sedative for personal, national, or international jitters.

As a case in point, there is a novel just published, THE FIESTA AT ANDERSON'S HOUSE, by a young novelist, Scott Williamson, wherein the author fulfills all the requirements of a "discovery", a "find" of major proportions in line with the things we have just said. Through a parade of characters accurately drawn in a prose style as trenchant and finished as any to appear in the past quarter century, we are brought smack up against the varieties of conflict besetting all degrees of modern citizenry.

"Mac" McCormick, the central character, will not go down in literary history as a symbol of pure spirit defending a pre-ordained bright-new-world, but he will be hailed and recognized as a flesh-and-blood example of human tenacity. He represents the ever-evolving strength of a social conscience opposed to the shifting, rootless ethic of our floundering civilization.

Of course the publisher, bookseller, or critic cannot pass on these things directly. That would reduce to mere talk what the reader should learn directly from experience. In other words, discovery of new talent is a personal matter.

If you will admit that this generation is not lost, but that there is a tough core to it, that either to the left or to the right, the wavering young men of today will hammer their way through to a finding of a strength within themselves, then THE FIESTA AT ANDERSON'S HOUSE is a book for you. We offer it to you not as our discovery, but on the chance that you will discover for yourself in Scott Williamson an authentic talent as original in its devices as the demands of the world today.

This generation is not "lost" but is in a state of suspension right now, and will probably stay that way for some little time to come, let us say, until the Scott Williamsons and others step up to the "lost and found" window to make the proper identification.

THE FIESTA AT ANDERSON'S HOUSE

By SCOTT GRAHAM WILLIAMSON

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

With two drawings by RAFAEL RIOS REY. $2.75

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Notes of an International Meddler

ROBERT R. YOUNG

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the first article of an occasional series, "Why I Changed My Mind." The next article in the series, by Dr. Leo Szilard, one of the pioneer scientists in the development of atomic energy, will appear in the issue of March 29.*

I WAS that reprehensible if non-aggressive being, an isolationist, up to the morning of August 6, 1945. Secure in my own continent I was quite content to see us gird up our loins and let well enough alone. Indeed, I had hoped that the Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat might eat each other up.

That dread day of Hiroshima, however, converted me overnight into as rabid an internationalist as before I had been isolationist. Now I could agree that our frontiers were whereever any alarmist wished to place them, and I welcomed an international police force to look under everybody's bed. What allegedly took the submarine to move President Wilson away from traditional American policies of non-entanglement, and the modern bomber to move Senator Pepper, took the atomic bomb to move me.

The certain consequences of a war in which there will be no bystanders should compel each of us to take time out, however important his individual occupation may seem, to become an international meddler, and directly participate in the attempt to keep our families and our institutions from being suddenly extinguished. Each of us must become a vigilante, as energetic as our fathers who faced the lawless West, if we are to retain anything worth living for. All other issues are secondary until this one is settled. But here, where our sanity and vigor are most needed, pessimism and cynicism seem to drug us into helplessness.

There is the hopeless view that man, like the lemming, possesses some kind of an instinct that seizes upon him periodically and causes him deliberately to pursue mass self-destruction. Others say that it is our bestial appetites, our greed, which doom us to a purgatory of conflict.

Mine is the happier view, that man can rise above war as certainly as he has risen above cannibalism. That view can prevail, but only if age-old patterns are shattered.

The common man who blazes like a comet across no pages of history has always thought straighter on war than the men who wear the epaulettes or strut through council halls. He knows that this is the time to act, that a workable peace is no longer a thing to be desired but a thing to insist upon. He knows that our essential evolutionary force—a forever irresistible reaching out and up—which has brought us to our present God-like eminence in the field of science, need not necessarily assume destructive aberrations. He knows that these aberrations have been brought under control *within national boundaries* by man-made laws. These laws are not without their dangers, their annoyances, their profusion and complexity, but he knows that they are better than savagery, piracy, monopoly.

THE common man in all humility realizes that it is his innate selfishness, as normal as his instinct of self-preservation, which has made such domestic laws necessary if we are to live with each other. Knowing this, he cannot but wonder why, as between nations, where the consequences to society are far more far-reaching, rugged individualists are allowed to prowl as freely as in the days of the marauding caveman.

There—on the international level—there has been no progress. The only authority is force. The only jurisdiction is diplomacy—with its trained and paid personnel to make things seem different from what they are. So skilful have these professionals become that any act can be justified and made to appear benevolent, each to his own people; it is only necessary

ROBERT RALPH YOUNG, one of the most controversial figures in American business today, started his career at nineteen as a $20-a-week DuPont "powder monkey," with a wife and child to support, and a talent for law and finance. Last month as the multi-millionaire board chairman of the Alleghany Corp. and Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, he shook Wall Street with the announcement that he is the largest stockholder in the New York Central. He has been described as iconoclastic, dynamic, unconventional, tough. He is fifty, looks more like forty. Not beholden to any man or group, Robert Young sticks up for his small stockholders and doesn't give a "goddamnbanker" for the mores of capital, labor, or government. Nine years ago, with urbane equanimity, the gentleman from Canadian, Tex., slashed through high finance tradition and initiated competitive bidding on public securities. "A hog can cross the country without changing trains—but *you* can't!" shouted the C&O advertising copy he writes himself—and the first transcontinental rail service was started. Fearlessly, his ads blasted other roads, their sale of block Pullman space, their old-fashioned "rolling tenements." Chesapeake & Ohio's new coaches offer news tickers, movies, telephones, parlor games. His unique "charge-it-as-you-go" train travel plan is being copied by nearly all other rail nets. Mr. Young, who writes poetry as a hobby, asserts he has a lot in common with Dumas' D'Artagnan: "Great strength in mobility and speed of reaction."

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to stop the kaleidoscope of history at the provocative point desired.

We were no less impelled to cry that we had been attacked throughout the centuries of our expansion—from Jamestown to Havana—than was brutal Hitler. Things our mercy, if not the law, would have prevented our doing as individuals we did unabashed as a land-hungry nation. The last Seminole was being prodded out of the Everglades at the very moment the Senator from that State wept loudest over every radio hookup in sympathy for far-away Finland.

Several factors are operating to make the area of lawlessness *beyond national boundaries* no longer endurable:

First is man's waning self-sufficiency, which has accompanied his increasing specialization and centralization. This has made society more rather than less vulnerable to the international brigand. Second, the instruments of warfare have become so lethal that the human species itself is threatened.

WE are left, then, with several possibilities that immediately face us:

1. Traditional advantage-seeking diplomacy.
2. World domination by either America or Russia.
3. The establishment of enforceable world law.

The first of these possibilities offers a threat to, not a hope for, peace; it is the one, unhappily, which America seems to be pursuing; it is the one at which Britain has failed, dogged and resourceful though she is, buttressed as she has been by the most accomplished diplomats the world has ever seen. It is the one under which the United Nations seems to have become no more effective than a salon. Within or without its framework, we must somehow break precedent and make the long jump from diplomacy to law, or else U. N. may become the epitaph of civilization.

Since man first flattered himself that he was civilized, each new war has created its new Council and each Council its new war. Their chief purpose seems to have been to reduce the travel of the diplomats and facilitate their new alignments. Any real hope that United Nations would be different from its monotonous series of predecessors faded when we started making loans and exerting pressures. Here is the open-handed extortion we engage in:

> WASHINGTON, Oct. 23 (AP)— . . . Secretary of State Byrnes himself made clear at his news conference Tuesday that the United States will limit its future financial aid to friendly countries who do not brand dollar credits as instruments of economic enslavement.

Is it not conceivable that the more we bribe, the more Russia will scheme and threaten? In the world of diplomacy, war is perpetual, armed conflict the diplomat's vacation period. The voting machinery that surrounds this international farce has been amended time after time, but in the end the girls line up with the most brutal—or the most liberal. The fewer the beaus, the bigger the ultimate brawls. Here in this latest international no-man's land, the four freedoms are to bribe, coerce, veto, withdraw.

These voluntary associations for practising the international shell game have proven progressively greater failures since the last moderate success, the Congress of Vienna. Is maintenance of the status quo by agreement possible? Could our boundaries of 1775 or 1836 have remained frozen? Would evolutionary pressures stronger than Man's desire have been content to leave Texas to the road runner and the cactus?

No, I can see no hope in voluntary associations of nations, any more than I can in treaties. Like the Atlantic Charter and San Francisco, they are of sounding brass, a tinkling cymbal to soothe the ears and cover the diplomats' next move—be it of tariff, embargo, loan, or task force.

Disarmament is the best of all the solutions the diplomats have yet proposed because it is the cheapest. If there is no worthwhile defense any more, as our General Staff has informed us, *then there can be no worthwhile armament.* To store up atomic pills to checkmate a dictator, who may die tonight, is like preparing to overdose a case of the "flu" with arsenic, or to destroy an entire city to apprehend a solitary murderer.

—*Justus in the* Minneapolis Star.

Architects of a New One.

Yes, let us insist on disarmament, but since we know that in it, too, the diplomats have always failed, let's carry it this time to its logical and sensible conclusion and perhaps get some fun out of it—a tilting match, say, in Madison Square Garden, between Senator Connally and Comrade Molotov. There the women and children will be garlanded, not atomized; the black knight, unhorsed, given a helping hand. If the Senator is really worthy of Texas, that is as good a way for us to settle the issue as any.

SERIOUSLY, the first of the three possibilities I have mentioned—peace through traditional diplomacy—offers nothing either in theory or experience.

As for the second possibility—world domination by either America or Russia, this most certainly means war. If settlement of this issue is our goal, our chance to cash in on a huge investment in men and equipment is rapidly slipping through our fingers. It is an aspiration less unworthy than was our Pacific expansion or Britain's colonial reaching-out. Ostensibly, the purpose would be to save the planet, but it could not be done without war, and we cannot afford a third war to end war.

Before considering the third possibility, peace through enforceable world law, some general observations may be in order.

It has been said that the world cannot live half slave and half free. But it can live better that way than all slave, or left to putrefaction and cancer as was Hiroshima.

Those who say that war is inevitable between Russia and America because of clashes rising out of ideological differences and economic competition, just do not know what they are talking about. It is as if they said that the Russian system is so bad we must fight it to make it better; whereas, if it were better, they would demand that we fight to make it worse.

Of all nations, these two are the most independent of each other, the most self-sustaining. Communist Russia and capitalist America, with their present ways of life, can live just as peacefully in a world of constructive competition and commerce as capitalist America and socialist Britain, or communist France. Indeed, we should welcome the competition of all, politically and economically. That is the way of progress. If we cannot meet the competition of others peacefully, we do not deserve to meet it at all.

If we have a specific long-range policy as regards Russia, our policy makers must be afraid to declare it, for the common man has not been

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taken into their confidence. Russia is as weary of war as we are. Stalin would have trembled at the thought of new war even without the fear of falling into the hands of Supreme Court Justice Jackson. Common sense tells us that. He will sincerely welcome preservation of the status quo long enough to stop and think, long enough to discuss disarmament, to arrange a sound solution in Europe, if our politicians will only stop edging up into his Mexico—with their hands at their hips.

I dislike the Russian system as much for the way it was established, as I do for the methods by which it is maintained. But except for her Internationale—a threat only to weak-kneed, vote-seeking fools or to war-ridden peoples—Russia showed not the remotest sign of aggression or territorial aspiration, even the reacquisition of her former territory, prior to our diplomatic interest in her border states, Poland and Manchuria, coincident with gratuitous and undiplomatic insults. Every move she has made has been a *counter-move*. To this day she has not repatriated Finland. Would we have been so restrained if Napoleon III had stolen Texas from us in our moment of Civil War?

OUR Fathers intended we should lead Europe out of its wilderness, if at all, by friendly influence and example, not by force; that we, not Sweden or Switzerland, should have been the green isle in a sea of trouble. In those two states—one democratic, the other socialist, shut in and poor in resources—the standard of living has already surpassed our much-vaunted one; lands of milk and honey, and cream and beef.

Yet we, the prodigal sons, heirs to the world's richest land and the most priceless political creed in ten thousand years of history, have debauched every principle that our Fathers stood for, with the least excuse.

There is still an outside chance, if we reform, that our *moral force* could right the rest of the world. There must be a revival of integrity, a recognition of error even in our own heroes, if we are to survive. In no other way can we attain the respect of other nations and a world organization for peace.

A moral regeneration—American-led — sounds grandiloquent, perhaps idealistic. But is that not the very role America has always professed, seldom adhered to? Why shouldn't the common man through America speak up for the things he believes in? Why shouldn't he take the initiative in transforming the United

—*Shoemaker in* The Chicago Daily News.

Guiding Light

Nations from a labyrinth of outdated diplomacy into an organization having the power to make decisions and, within limits, to enforce them? If it should be argued that Russia would not go along with a world organization strengthened along these lines, then there is a reason and it behooves us to find that reason and remove it.

Let's look at the possibilities. We can assume that the reason for Russian recalcitrance and hostility is to be found in her sincere distrust and fear of the West; or, as Dean Acheson indicated in his now-celebrated remarks, we can assume that Russia is bent upon aggression and expansion, and that nothing we can do or say is likely to alter a definite Soviet attempt to dominate Europe and then the world.

But why should we have to speculate? Let us find out. I can think of no better way of doing this than to have the United States propose specific amendments to the United Nations Charter:

1. To accomplish general and universal disarmament.
2. To create machinery of world inspection and enforcement to prevent re-armament — even by U. N. beyond the minimum needs of inspection and enforcement.
3. To deprive member states of the power or right to secede so long as U. N. jurisdiction, inspection, and enforcement are clearly limited to the needs of national security.

The way we make these proposals would be all-important. If we make them in an atmosphere reminiscent of Fulton, Missouri, then Russia would rightly regard the amendments as the legalizing procedure for a coalition against her. If, on the other hand, we made it abundantly clear that the amendments were being made in good faith and that we were anxious to lay a genuine foundation for world security in which all nations would share, then if Russia withdrew, the rest of the world could be governed accordingly.

IN any case, it is important for us to know where we stand immediately. Either we convert the U. N. into an authority which can do the job or we face squarely up to the implications and consequences of the U. N. as presently constituted.

American leadership in strengthening U. N. is more than an opportunity; it is an obligation. If that obligation was not born with Lend-Lease it was born the precise second that we released the atomic bomb over Hiroshima. Here I must record my conviction that the atrocity of Hiroshima and Nagasaki was not only one of history's grossest violations of morality, after our stand on poison gas, but also a political and strategic blunder of such dimensions as to threaten the foundations of the world.

This is a strong statement. I make it advisedly because I think the time has come for us to Stop Kidding Ourselves. We are kidding ourselves if we believe the atomic bomb was dropped on Japan. There is evidence that fully eight months earlier Japan was ready to capitulate. If the purpose of the bomb was to save American lives, then a fair warning before Okinawa would clearly have saved

(*Continued on page* 38)

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Reading in the Backwoods

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

THE domed volcano, silent since the Pleistocene, squatted like a ghostly white monolith against the sky. Even at midsummer snow sheathed its crags. An attacking host of alpine fir straggled up to timberline's ragged fringe and then was flung back by wind and glacier. We looked at the spectacle of rock and ice and stunted trees as Jack Nelson kicked open the door of his cabin and motioned us inside. From the sloping kitchen came the rich aroma of stew. Mrs. Nelson, gray-haired and tired, sliced carrots and plopped them into the iron pot. My wife wanted to know the depth of winter's snows.

"I shovel drifts away from the top of the chimney," said Nelson.

"Ever get out of the mountains from November until March?" I interrupted.

"Nope."

"How do you pass the time?"

"I read."

"What?" my wife wanted to know.

The forester pulled back a curtain and waved toward six shelves. "That's the library," he said.

I bent down, expecting to see Westerns, mysteries, and perhaps Edgar Rice Burroughs. Instead, I looked at Beveridge's "Marshall," Sandburg's "Lincoln," "Lee's Lieutenants," by Douglas Southall Freeman, Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," Durant's "Caesar and Christ."

I gulped and asked, perhaps somewhat incredulously, "Have you really read all these?"

"Some of 'em a couple o' times," the woodsman answered.

I am afraid it is part of our urban superiority to believe that adults in the hinterland read only literature fit for children or morons. I remember standing on the prow of the 40-foot boat which takes mail up into Hell's Canyon of the Snake River, deepest chasm on the North American continent. I tossed a small sack labeled "U. S." to a bearded prospector standing on a gravel bar.

The diesel motors began clattering again, and I turned to Kyle McGrady, the sinewy young boatman. "Mac," I asked, "what kind of reading matter do you take these folks?"

The boatman steered around an ugly boulder and looked at me in puzzlement. "'Bout the same kind of reading matter I used to deliver to folks in town," he said. "What makes you think it'd be any different?"

On my next voyages with McGrady

into the 6,000-foot gorge I shuffled through the mail bags. Here and there I came across a cardboard wrapper from the Book-of-the-Month Club. Scattered among the stockmen's magazines were many copies of *The Reader's Digest, Collier's, Life,* and *The Saturday Evening Post.* Consigned to the wife of a rancher at Christmas Creek was *The Saturday Review of Literature.* A leaflet from the League of Women Voters bore her name, too. *The Nation* was wrapped for a sheepman near Pittsburgh Landing. McGrady explained that the sheepman was "sure strong as mustard for Roosevelt."

A government trapper, ridding the range of coyotes and cougars, waited beneath a lava precipice on the Idaho shore for two bills from Mrs. Sapp's general store in Lewiston and a folded Sunday *Times.* "Bob came out here from New York way a long time ago," said the boatman.

I have spent nearly all my life on the rim of this country's last great frontier, and I would say that men and women in the wilderness read practically the same material as men and women in the metropolis. Indeed, I think I can amend this to say that although they have the same material on their bookshelves, they read it a good deal less superficially and hurriedly than does the average reader in the city.

By wilderness I do not mean a suburban village with Cape Cods and chain stores. Nor do I refer to a farm in a checkered countryside, linked with town by telephone, highway, and Rural Free Delivery. Wilderness to me means people without neighbors. It connotes a forest lookout spending his ninth week alone on top of a mountain; a cabin whose inhabitants have not glimpsed a train or paved street for half a year; a pair of Canadian Mounted Police constables patroling an upland the size of Indiana; a ranch 240 miles from the Union Pacific and nearly that distance from an electric-power line.

Jack Nelson had read all the books on his pine-board shelves. He had finished "The Prince of India" and "Benjamin Franklin." The Sandburg books did not merely decorate his cabin; he had read them through. My own modest library is full of books I will read some day when dinner engagements, golf matches, and political meetings let me. My city acquaintances, particularly those in intellectual pursuits, own dozens of volumes they have yet to read. The spirit is willing, but the time is nil.

The solitudes are different. Cocktail parties do not take you away from volume two of the Lincoln series. There are no travel schedules or social calendars to compete with beckoning books. The libraries of my backwoods friends are less pretentious than those of urban associates. They are frequently not so up-to-date. They lag a little more. But the people in the hinterland do not merely own books, they also read them.

In the timbered fiords of Vancouver Island, off the shores of British Columbia, I met a man who had read every word yet written on salmon. An officer in the Royal Canadian Mounted at Whitehorse hoped to raise roses and dahlias when his retirement came through from regimental headquarters. He had read more about botany than anyone I ever knew. A lookout in Oregon's Wallowa National Forest memorized much of Walt Whitman while scanning the Eagle Cap Wilderness Area for fires.

IS reading for escape? Does the pattern of "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" dictate book choices? Do people read of the environment most opposite their own? I cannot answer for the bulk of readers, but my wilderness friends read books about the wilderness.

Corporal Bolger, in his scarlet tunic at Caribou Crossing, had four or five James Oliver Curwood products above his bunk. He even had marked the passages where he thought the author was incorrect in his description of R. C. M. P. rules and regulations. Jack Nelson, in the wooded fastnesses at the foot of Mount St. Helens, said "Look to the Mountain" was the novel which had given him the greatest pleasure. As I took leave of Forest Ranger Grady Miller at the railroad station at Enterprise, I asked what book I could send from the city.

"That new one about the Forest Service," the ranger replied.

I spent two years with the Army Engineers in Alaska. In their barracks the soldiers had the biggest and nudest pinup collections on earth, according to a visiting Major General who inspected the pictures admiringly. But this was the only bow to the absent. When I was assigned to make all the posts along the 1,600-mile Alcan Highway and find out what the men wanted to read, I uniformly got one

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answer: "Books about Alaska." They wanted Jack London, Stewart Edward White, Rex Beach, Barrett Willoughby —anyone who had written about the vast land through which the soldiers were shoving the famous wilderness road.

The British Columbia Library commission at Prince Rupert received a letter from a fishing boat berthed 70 miles away at the bottom of a towering fiord. These men, who made their livelihood netting salmon in the heavy swells off Dixon Entrance, asked for books about the sea. "The tougher, the better," the letter requested.

"We are not, as you may surmise, given to light or trivial fiction," was its concluding admonition.

County librarians in the Pacific Northwest report that families in the backwoods often write in for books about games. "The Fun Encyclopedia" is particularly popular with them. They also, strangely enough, make an especially strong demand for cook books. A librarian in a mountainous county in Oregon says she sends cook books into isolated valleys and gorges far more frequently than to towns. She finally wrote a ranch wife who had asked for three successive cook books, to find out the reason for this selection. "A new dish is a big adventure for my husband and his wranglers," wrote back the rancher's wife. "I suppose in a way it's as exciting to us as a charity bazaar or church social is to the people in town."

Yet reading in the solitudes brings out not greatly different tastes than reading on Market Street or Yesler Way. "What books do rural women read?" Helen Rex, librarian at Marshalltown, Iowa, recently asked rhetorically. "The same books that other women read," said she, answering her own question.

After all, the Book-of-the-Month Club has a subscriber in Alpine County in California's High Sierras, where only 143 people vote in the general election. The Lewiston librarian sends *The Saturday Review* to families in Hell's Canyon, and I met a prospecter with pick and shovel at Steamboat Lake, on the crest of the Wallowas, who read "Walden" in the glow of his campfire each night. Reading tastes are universal, whether catered to at an Arctic outpost or in New York's public library.

People's political prejudices are often decided by the information they receive. The most remote wilderness precincts in the state of Oregon cast a 52 per cent vote for President Roosevelt at the 1944 election. These lonely polling places, scattered in mountain draws and narrow defiles, were not far off from Oregon as a whole, which recorded a 53 per cent vote in favor of the President.

Yet although reading in the backwoods may consist of the same substantive material as reading in the metropolis, I believe it is more deeply savored. A book is ended with regret. There are no competing attractions. It is an experience in itself; it shares its stimulus with few other activities. Inspector Henry A. Larsen and eight fellow Mounties navigated the schooner *St. Roch* on the first eastbound journey ever made through the Northwest Passage. For twenty-eight months the boat was frozen in the Polar ice pack.

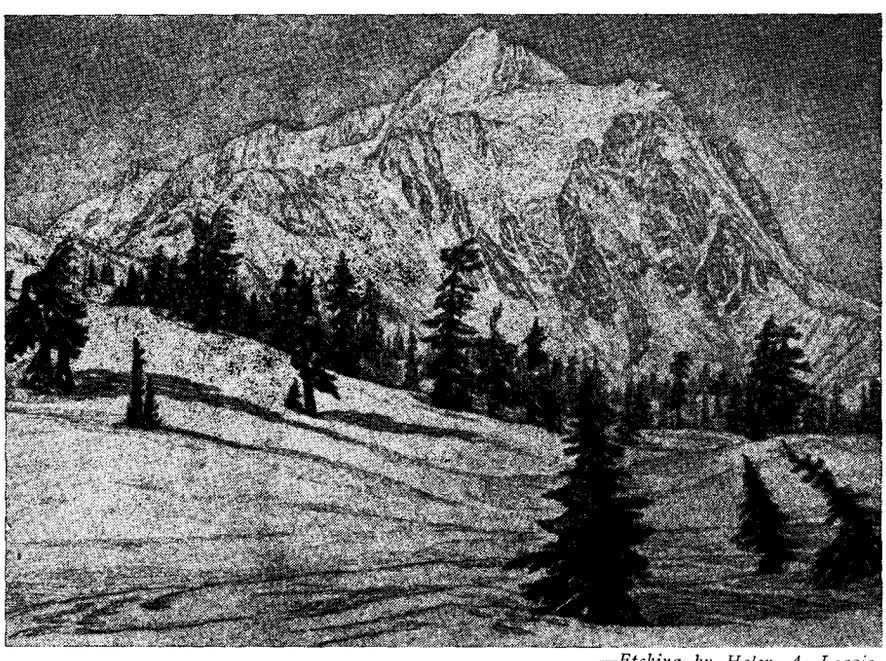
"I became worried about morale," said the inspector, "only when the books commenced to run out. After all of them had been read once, and some of them at least twice, I wondered whether the tension and strain would break someone's nerves. Fortunately, the books lasted until we were nearly through the Gulf of Boothia and into Baffin Bay."

And Commissioner Charles D. La Nauze, most celebrated man-hunter in the R. C. M. P., adds that reading and embroidery have done most to keep men from cracking in the long winter nights when the ice floes stack up in Coronation Gulf. "Something to occupy minds and hands," he explains.

YET men will not read the uninteresting merely because it happens to be all that is available. Last summer the Forest Service tried fitting each lookout tower with a set of technical manuals on forestry. They were found dumped in obscure corners after the fire season was ended. The lookouts asked for books about their job, but pamphlets written in government "gobbledygook" were fodder for the stove. In fact, the first westbound Americans had discovered this long ago. The frontiersmen with Lewis and Clark would read imaginative novels about what might lie beyond the Missouri, but the Army's regulations interested them not at all.

Of the treasures in the backwoods, books and grub are foremost in value. Jack Nelson's bookplate bore the De Bary quotation: "The virtue of books is the perfecting of reason, which is indeed the happiness of man." Jack, with his big, bony hands showed me the passages he had marked in Sandburg and Freeman and Beveridge. I remember the lonely soldiers on the Alcan, chuckling in their bivouac while a corporal in Information and Education read aloud from Leacock's "Nonsense Novels." Reading must have been important to the Mountie at Fort Smith who said he had twice been through Sven Hedin's "A Conquest of Tibet." And I think Thoreau must have stirred the solitary girl hiker with beautiful long bare legs on the Cascade Trail, who said that the mountains "made her feel just like 'Walden,' only she couldn't just say it that way."

"I never knew what reading really meant," said the teacher who became a ranger's wife, "until I spent a winter in the woods. It had always been a pastime before, but suddenly reading was my substitute for neighbors and everything else I had been accustomed to. I also found that reading had new vitality for me; I no longer skimmed the pages. I lingered over each word and got added meaning from every phrase and paragraph."



—*Etching by Helen A. Loggie.*

Shuksan in Winter.

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From Physics to Philosophy

EINSTEIN, HIS LIFE AND TIMES. By Philipp Frank. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1947. 298 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by H. A. KRAMERS

THIS book is about a great physicist, about physics, and about our present world. Also about ancient and modern trends in philosophy. It is written with the knowledge of an expert insider, with a sense of humor, with cautious objectivity, but last not least it is written with pride and devotion.

Modern physics is at the same time extremely pretentious and extremely modest. It gives wide and precise formulas for space and time and matter, but does not understand why they should hold, even does not pretend that they do so invariably. Just think of old experiments, it says, and try such and such new ones; the proof of our pudding lies in its eating. If it tastes all right, we'll cook a new one, but we won't swear for it. Of course physicists entertain reasonable expectations, as the cook does before she starts on her work, but it is not considered particularly bold to invite the guests some days in advance.

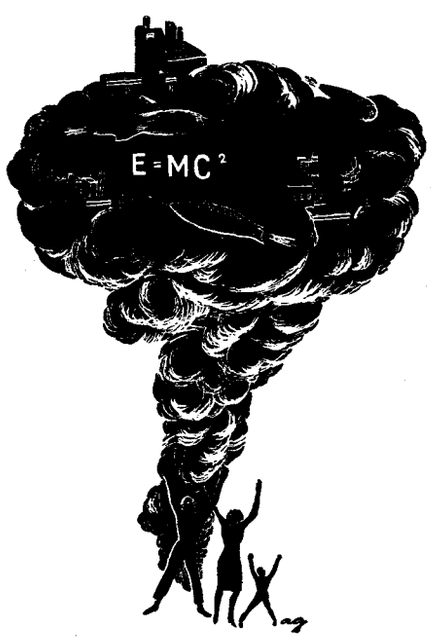
Such is the situation in physics. Many have felt the urge to describe it in terms of some philosophy. Sometimes these philosophies have later turned out to be most unimportant for the progress of physics, or even to impede its course; at other times some kind of philosophy has proved to excite the imagination and to be most helpful. Indeed, to think out something new and creative is so difficult that new discoveries have often been reached by the queerest of detours and by the guidance of definitely misguiding signposts. An interesting essay could be written about what almost seems the necessity of erroneous prejudices in order to arrive at the truth.

I admit that this is a somewhat malicious way of undermining the dignity of philosophy. It should be absolutely forbidden to those who wish to decry all philosophy. These people forget that everybody has his personal attitude towards "the world," his own cosmology and anthropology. With many it stays primitive and extremely restricted; others are urged to develop it into a consistent system of generalities, into a philosophy which may contain some of the wisdom the world is so much in need of, or lead to wisdom in the mind of the careful critic.

I think Philipp Frank, in his book on Einstein, gives the reader valuable indications regarding the true balance between the relevancy and the irrelevancy of philosophy with respect to science. Einstein's astounding genius lies not in his philosophy but in his physics, and still we understand Einstein's integral personality so much better by the way Frank tries to depict for us Einstein's philosophy.

What characterizes Einstein's invention and force in physics is its boldness, and the consummate mastership and inner certainty with which he analyzes and synthesizes the consequences of his bold ideas. It is a pity that the layman, as a rule, can only approach the sheer beauty of it all by letting himself be dumbfounded by the paradoxes of the theory of relativity or of the theory of light quanta. The moment he tries to tie it up with his personal philosophy, the thing may easily appear merely grandiose by being utterly distorted. Philipp Frank knows all the pitfalls on the road towards a general understanding of relativity and quanta; he warns against them after having presented the reader with a comprehensive and masterly composed version of some of Einstein's basic ideas.

There is such a thing as the "impact of Einstein's theories on physics" and "Einstein's impact on the world." The former is of tremendous importance, the latter constitutes an extremely interesting chapter in the history of human culture. I am not sure that the former is adequately exemplified by the often-quoted statement that Einstein's fundamental thesis of the equivalence of mass and energy made the atomic bomb possible; it is somewhat like stating that Columbus made the victory in World War II possible. Nevertheless, the thesis mentioned is one of the most outstanding examples of Einstein's genius, and its fundamental importance in nuclear physics is unquestionable. In particular the way in which he derived it from his theory of relativity fills us with admiration.



"Einstein's impact on the world" is inseparably connected with the world's impact on Einstein, and Philipp Frank gives us a most instructive and vivid picture of both these aspects. His sense of humor makes it also a delightful picture, but the background of it all is—as all will know—far from delightful. Einstein moved for many years in the floodlight of public opinion. He had not asked for it and he has had to endure many ovations and many attacks; sometimes they were directed towards his theories, sometimes towards his person, sometimes towards his "race," often towards all three at once. Through all this he stood from the beginning for the integrity of scientific effort and truth, for the integrity of his own individuality, for the natural rights of all his natural, non-perverted fellow beings. Whatever deceptions these times may have brought to himself, to his admirers, or to those who decried him, whatever expectations as of a leader or prophet he may have lived up to or not lived up to, he remained himself, true to his instincts and to his wonderful gifts.

The amazing story of all this is told by Philipp Frank. In many pages the tragedy of the conflict between all that was good and noble and all that was mean in Germany stands out between the lines. Quotations from all kinds of philosophers, theologians, agitators, clarify the confusedness of the issues which often characterized the dispute around Einstein. Anecdotes, personal reminiscences bring us nearer to the kind, wise, and humorous man he is. Among the illustrations, a wonderful recent photographic picture of Einstein recalls the expression in some of Rembrandt's self-portraits.

The circumstances of Einstein's visits to the United States and his final permanent settling in Princeton are related in some detail. The reader will feel proud of the hospitality and the opportunity for research which this country has granted to Einstein.

H. A. Kramers is one of the world's foremost theoretical physicists, and is noted for his work in the quantum theory. Last year he was in the United States as the Dutch member of the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission, and taught at Columbia University. He is at present connected with the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton University.

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Ten-point Solution for Shelter

THE FUTURE OF HOUSING. By Charles Abrams. New York: Harper & Bros. 1947. 413 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by WILSON W. WYATT

AT a time when the housing shortage is not only the No. 1 domestic issue but a world-wide problem, Charles Abrams has come forth with a very informative, readable, and provocative book.

Of the trinity of life's physical essentials—food, clothing, and shelter—only shelter has remained through the years an unsolved problem. No honest, informed person will contend that private enterprise has done an adequate job. Else the problem would not continually recur as an emergency.

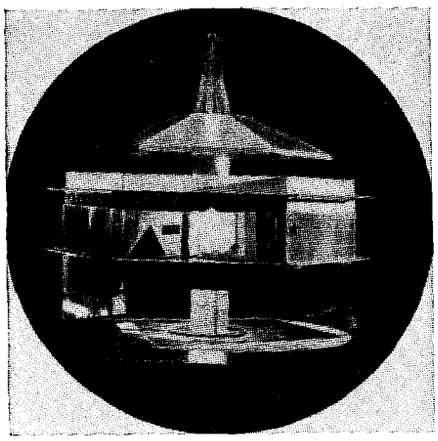
A very substantial part of our population is, and has been, unable to rent or buy a decent place to live in at a price it can afford. No part of our economy has been so by-passed by the industrial revolution. By and large, a house is assembled today in much the same way it was fifty or a hundred years ago. Even a small house contains some 30,000 parts and pieces. The so-called "building industry" is really not an industry at all, but a hodge-podge of manufacturers, material men, builders, architects, labor craftsmen, subcontractors, brokers, lenders, distributors, developers, and many others. Except in the case of the manufacturers, smallness and its inefficiences hold us back at every turn.

Mr. Abrams very aptly says:

> The fact, whether conceded or not, is that we are dealing with an industry so disorganized and so archaic that something more than simple reliance on self-cure or wishful thinking will be needed to approach solution of the problem of housing for which it is so largely responsible.

On almost any other subject such a volume might seem rather like a textbook—it would be a good one—but a home is of such personal interest to everyone and Mr. Abrams's treatment is so simple and clear that "The Future of Housing" is really absorbing. He plays no favorites but points out the shortcomings of government, industry, and labor alike. For example, in the course of his discussion of the Federal housing agencies, he contends that the Federal Housing Administration and the Federal Home Loan Bank Administration operate as private companies for the benefit of the builder and the lender and are not guided by public welfare considerations.

Without going "erudite" or "scholarly," he leaves the reader with the conviction (and properly) that the book is a simple, factual story of what he has learned from extensive research and years of first-hand knowledge. With skilful surgery he dissects the complete anatomy of the entire industry, yet does it in such a way that you keep all parts in perspective. You see the inter-relationship of the mortgage system, taxation, the real estate business, the building industry, land, home ownership, planning, local and Federal government functions, materials, labor, judicial decisions, and public housing. It is a complex affair.



—*From "Art in Our Time."*

"Dymaxion House," conceived as a mass-produced commodity to be delivered and erected by the manufacturer in one day.

Most of the book is an examination of the facts. Only in the last seventy-five pages does he outline the ten-point solution he proposes. Few will find this part less than breathtaking.

In brief, he would have the local housing authority assume the responsibility for all housing problems and policies in the community. The city would determine where developments should take place and would build to suit the demands of the market. According to Mr. Abrams, this would give effective planning and secure the advantages that would come from mass operation—large-scale buying, for example, with resulting economies and standardization of parts. On the other hand, private enterprise would be utilized by the housing authority to the maximum possible extent, both in producing the materials and in erecting the houses.

He stresses that public *building* and public *owning* should be recognized as separate functions, and that "completed property should be sold where feasible to facilitate and encourage private ownership and more secure tenure."

As to what is now called "public housing" for the low-income families, he says we must look forward to the time when a fourth to a third of our population will be living in public projects. He believes that "public housing should aim to divest itself of public control and ultimately even of public ownership," and suggests therefore that managerial functions should be turned over to the tenants as soon as practicable.

He believes that the general property tax is unjust and should be modified in the direction of an income levy.

All slums, rural and urban, should be removed and rebuilt; a decent home should be made available to every family at a rent or price it can afford. The cost, of course, would be large.

I am frank to say that this involves more government in housing than I am prepared to accept. I believe that private enterprise can do much more than it has yet demonstrated in meeting the housing needs. Real mass-produced housing was launched for the first time in 1946 as a part of the Veterans' Emergency Housing Program. Its first production will come this year. I believe its impact on private home building will be enormous. With it, in my opinion, will come revolutionary changes in many of the traditional approaches and, as a consequence, much lower costs—and better quality. As the author of that program, I may be biased. I hope not, for modern technology in private housing is probably the only alternative to some such plan as Mr. Abrams's, who virtually passes over the possibilities of the mass produced, factory-built house and proceeds too much on the assumption that our houses will continue to be built as they now are.

Of one thing I am sure: no one can read Mr. Abrams's book without realizing that some very fundamental and sweeping changes must and will take place in the field of housing.

Until December of last year, Wilson W. Wyatt held the dual post of National Housing Administrator and head of the Office of the Housing Expediter. As Expediter, he was in charge of the Veterans' Emergency Housing Program.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 675)

SCHACHNER:
ALEXANDER HAMILTON

In the Federalist Papers, Alexander Hamilton was statesman enough to rise above his private prejudices and come publicly to the defense of the new Constitution with . . . ardor and skill, as though it were . . . the ideal document he pretended.

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Heinrich Himmler's Svengali

THE MEMOIRS OF DR. FELIX KERSTEN. Edited by Herman Briffault. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 352 pp. $3.

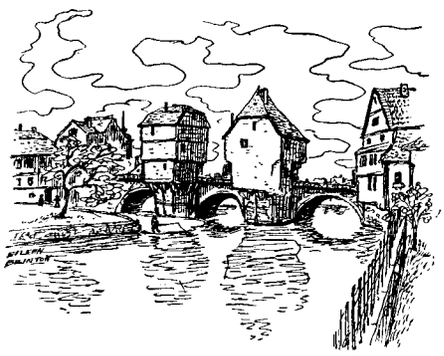
Reviewed by WILLIAM E. JACKSON

IF THE astonishing claims made in this now-it-can-be-told thriller are taken at face value, the secret history of the war must be rewritten. For through the courageous cunning of one man it appears that some of the most carefully hatched Nazi plots were frustrated. Single-handed, this man obstructs the plans to transfer the entire population of Holland to the east, to exterminate the German nobility, and to force the removal of Finnish Jews to Germany.

The performer of these prodigious abortions is Dr. Felix Kersten, a Finnish physiotherapist whom Count Ciano described more bluntly as a masseur. Kersten, portraying himself as a man in the Nazi world but not of it, is not one to underestimate his own achievements. Through his intercessions thousands of Jews are released and countless others—usually the titled, wealthy, or prominent of Europe—are snatched from the Gestapo and concentration camp. Nor is he loath to accept credit for forestalling certain plans, such as the plunder of Dutch industry and art, which in fact was not averted.

These acts of sabotage, which are skilfully if unreticently told, are possible because of Dr. Kersten's svengalic power over one of his patients, Heinrich Himmler. The Reichsfuehrer SS, who is described as a devoted family man, lover of flowers, and possessor of an "ingratiating smile," suffers from a recurring and painful stomach ailment which only Dr. Kersten's expert manipulations can relieve. "Relieve me of this pain," groans Himmler to the man he calls his "Magical Buddha," "and I shall do anything you say!" Whereupon the doctor alternates petitions for grace with abdominal ministrations, and wrings from the agonized inquisitor favors which change the course of empire.

Frequently Kersten's successes result not from tinkering with Himmler's tummy but from brilliance of wits. Catching his owl-eyed patient off guard, he probes "with infinite tact and patience" into hidden secrets, and by the end of the catechizing Himmler has told all. When Himmler is evasive, Kersten waxes aggressive, tackling him, as he confesses, "with my usual skill at arguing a point when my heart was set upon it." He confounds Himmler with dilemmas until the distraught patient gasps in panic, "Advise me what to do!" And Kersten is not stingy with advice. When more artful stratagems are required Kersten, obviously relishing his shadowy role behind the throne, plays on Himmler's jealousies of Ribbentrop, Goebbels, *et al.* When Himmler proves obdurate



Kersten plays his ace; he accuses Himmler of ingratitude and observes with satisfaction that Himmler melts.

The indulgent gullibility of Himmler, head of a relentless espionage and security system, is extraordinary. Kersten, a foreigner, has access to top secret documents. Himmler volunteers to him the substance of private conferences with Hitler and glibly discusses confidential Nazi schemes. He shows Kersten the Fuehrer's closely guarded medical history. Kersten refuses to treat Hitler because he is mentally unsound and should be deposed. And at a time when Kersten is flying to Sweden Himmler reveals Nazi designs against the house of Bernadotte.

The tale contains other defects besides implausibility. Certain dates are inaccurate. Some of the inside dope (Sweden's unwillingness to grant transit to Germany's Norwegian garrisons; the progress of German atomic research; the platonic nature of the Hitler-Eva Braun relationship) are contradicted by more authoritative sources.

The credibility of these recollections is not assisted by Kersten's offhand admission that most of his notes were burned. If he had published the text of his surviving records instead of having an editor weave a narrative out of them, the authenticity of his story would have been less open to challenge. Nor is there persuasion in the Himmler letters which are reproduced, for they are all dated at a time when the Nazis had lost and Himmler was obviously writing for the record about his "consistent" mercy to the Jews.

There is no basis for concluding, as Konrad Heiden says in his introduction, that these memoirs bear "the obvious stamp of truth." Most of the objective story accords undeniably with established fact. But as to Kersten's subjective role it is impossible to repress a lingering skepticism. A Lanny Budd tale is not entirely convincing when told by Lanny himself, and when the only possible witnesses are dead.

Kersten is aware of his ambiguous position. He says he was forced to treat Himmler in order to avoid internment. Yet he had no trouble moving to Sweden with his family in 1943, and returned frequently to treat Himmler. There must have been more to it than we are told. It is easy to make out a case with half-truths. The impression is inescapable that Kersten is trying to write himself out of an equivocal situation.

His book is an absorbing report, worth reading for its intimate glimpses of life and cabals among the top Nazis. But it is not to be swallowed whole. It would be interesting to be able to hear Heinrich Himmler's side of the story.

William E. Jackson is the son of Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson, whom he assisted during the Nuremberg trials. He was graduated from Yale University in 1941, *has a Harvard law degree, and was an ensign in the United States Navy during World War II.*

Man Only Exults

By Kathleen Sutton

A TREE is beauty
In his impassioned eyes.
Does the bright leaf borne on the brighter air
Feel color, sense surprise
At the warm fingering touch
Of his appraisal?

Beauty is sound, the ear
Quickened to reed and rush, the purling flute-note
Of the wild throat.
Does the blown blade, the high lark care
That he rejoices? Do they hear
The imitative costly instrument?

The word, devised by tongue,
Falls like the wave's white spray upon the sea,
All as before.
Man only, the creator,

Exults that he has locked in syllables
Music of tides, the deep night hung
With stars, the bird, the tree . . .
In him these live;
In them he is reborn.

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Evolution of Conscience

HUMAN DESTINY. By Lecomte du Noüy. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., Inc. 1947. 277 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by B. W. KUNKEL

THE application of the strictly scientific method of acquiring knowledge, especially during the past fifty years, has given the scientist such control of physical forces that the scientific method has overshadowed the intuitive method which has played in the past so large a role in the guilding up of systems of esthetics and ethics. There can be no question that morality and religion have a far weaker hold on the Western mind than they did a generation ago.

At the same time, however, mankind has definitely become uneasy and apprehensive, not only because he has been deprived of all reason for existence by "destroying, in the name of a science still in its cradle, the doctrines which up till now gave a meaning to individual life," but also because of the tremendous forces which have been brought within his reach and which threaten the very existence of our civilization, unless moral values can be brought to bear more effectively in ordering our living. There is therefore a great need for intelligent men to find a meaning to life which is not incompatible with science. This is what the author of "Human Destiny" strives to do, "to substantiate the faith in the high destiny of man by giving it a scientific basis."

The author is not naive enough to think he can convince the materialist of the existence of the supernatural. The materialist and the spiritualist speak widely different languages, but the spiritualist has a sense of reality about moral and spiritual values quite as real to him as the conclusions which the materialist has reached by scientific thinking and experiment. Both the scientist and the religionist have arrived at abstractions which are the product of the human mind and approximate reality depending upon the scale of observation and experience. Some degree of decency and trustworthiness obtained through intuition must be accepted by the scientist while he is engaged in seeking the order of nature and modifying his generalizations by further observations.

Dr. Lecomte du Noüy calls his philosophy *telefinalism*. It is a form of vitalism but it differs, according to its proponent, from earlier forms of vitalism in that it does "not contradict any of the results acquired by the sciences of inorganic matter and respects the mechanism of natural phenomena and makes them partake statistically in evolution." To do this, however, and to account for the advent of life and the human conscience without throwing overboard the whole science of inorganic nature, with its generalizations regarding the random movements of the ultimate particles of matter which have given the physical sciences such great powers of prediction, he has to call in something not material which interferes with these random movements.

The necessity for this intervention, according to the author, arises from the fact that the utmost limits of geological time are not sufficient to permit, by chance alone, the aggregation of even the asymmetric molecules upon which the activities of living things depend, much less the simplest blob of living matter and the multitudinous forms of organisms known to science today.

In spite of the many directions in which organic evolution has taken its course, the telefinalist sees one direction alone in which the process of evolution has continued. Other lines have attained a certain degree of adaptation, but their change has seemed to be random. In the line which leads to man there has been a constant increase in the size and complexity of the brain, which at last has become so impressionable and so retentive of the effects of past experience that man has come to think in abstractions and has developed a feeling of freedom to act according to his values of right and wrong. With abstract thinking, conscience came into being, and in this lies the hope of man's future.

The telefinalist sees the meaning of life in the continuing evolution of the conscience and the consequent "freeing of man from the human passions—egotism, greed, lust for power, hereditary chains, and physiological bondage." In this direction lies human destiny.

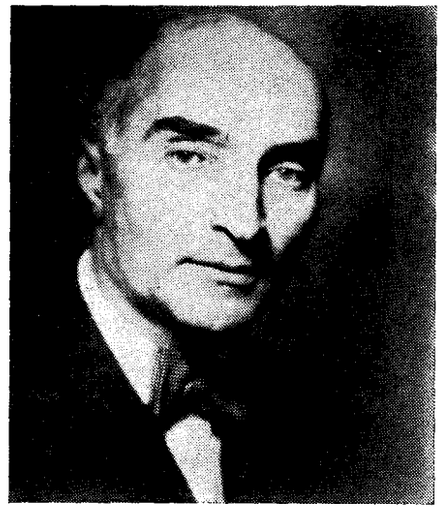
B. W. Kunkel, biologist, has contributed numerous papers, principally on vertebrate embryology and the relations of colleges to intellectual leadership.

As Ciechanowski Saw It

DEFEAT IN VICTORY. By Jan Ciechanowski. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 397 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

THIS is a book with a grim and bitter title. And it was perhaps in order to emphasize his bitterness that the author chose, as a motto for "Defeat in Victory," a word coined by cunning Herr von Bismarck, Prussian founder of the First German Reich: "No one will ever be rich enough to buy his enemies by concessions."



Jan Ciechanowski's "portraying his camp as that of the angels . . . becomes questionable when he dishes out propaganda."

In a short foreword, Mr. Ciechanowski clearly outlines the character of his book:

> This book is a true picture of events and trends of policy *as I saw them* [italics mine. F. C. W.] developing on the Washington scene during the four-and-a-half years of my last diplomatic mission as Ambassador from Poland in the United States. It is a personal record of my observations and opinions written in all sincerity. It is in no sense an official presentation of the Polish problem.

It is the personal account of a high diplomat freed from Nazi occupation and now a voluntary exile from his country, of a very important mission he had to fulfill in behalf of and under orders from a government-in-exile dismissed into the limbo when the United States, Great Britain, and Russia recognized the "Polish Provisional Government of National Unity" in the summer of 1945. It is his version of the Polish story which he gives in "Defeat in Victory." It is a violently anti-Russian version, a version advanced by powerful groups of the anti-Warsaw Poles abroad, a version designed to show (in the words of the publisher) "the abandonment of high principles

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and the adoption of cynical power diplomacy by Great Britain and the United States in the pursuit of agreement and unity with Russia." It is a description of events and men as Mr. Ciechanowski saw and interpreted them. Its very *raison d'être* lies in the fact that it is a book of this kind, a personal document, a partisan account.

To state therefore, as the blurb does, that the book "does not plead a case" seems to be a disservice to the author and misleading information for the reader. It would indeed be un-human and dishonest if a writer, recounting his star diplomatic mission, did not try to urge a case which he had pleaded for years in negotiations, press interviews, and public addresses. He has every right to continue doing so in his book and to go to the limit in portraying his camp as that of the angels. This right becomes questionable only when, in his endeavor to paint the other side as black as possible, he omits essential traits in a picture or dishes out propaganda for facts.

Thus, for instance, in speaking of the Katyn murders, Mr. Ciechanowski, in order to cover up his government's falling for a trick of Goebbels, still pretends that the perpetrators of that mass killing of Polish officers are unknown ("Whoever was responsible . . ."), whereas there were detailed reports in the world press about the discovery of documents proving the Elite Guard (SS) origin of the Katyn crime, let alone the findings of the Allied investigation of members of the so-called neutral medical mission sent to Katyn by the Hitler government.

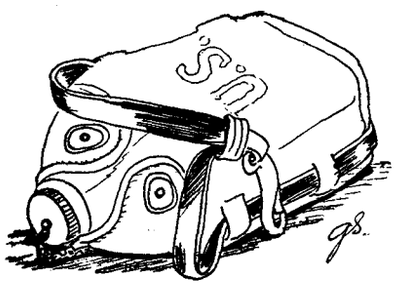
And in asserting that Russia controls Czechoslovakia "by force," severing "entirely her contacts with the outer world" and dismantling and transferring modern Czechoslovak machinery, Mr. Ciechanowski simply repeats a propaganda-horror-story contradicted by the reports of dozens of American newspaper correspondents and hundreds of U. S. citizens in uniform and in civilian garb who have entered and are entering Czechoslovakia without any difficulty and with full freedom of movement and information. However, in the case of his unfair treatment of Poland's southern Slavic sister, Mr. Ciechanowski may have been afflicted (to borrow a clue from the psychoanalysts) with an old guilt complex which he wants to overcome in this way. For, was he not one of the leading spirits of Polish diplomacy under the ill-famed Beck regime which, in the fall of 1939, as accomplice of the Nazi Reich, tore a chunk of territory from the mutilated body of betrayed Czechoslovakia?

Tempt Providence with War VIII?

THE WAR REPORTS. By Generals Arnold and Marshall, and Admiral King. New York: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1947. 785 *pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by
BRIG. GEN. DONALD ARMSTRONG

SINCE 1775, the American people have fought seven wars. Seven times we have started amidst impending disaster because of our military weakness. Seven times we have finished in victory, although at ruinous cost. Improvisation and the grace of God have saved us from the ignominy of defeat and its consequences. We have had ample opportunity to learn the truth stated by General Marshall in his final report as Chief of Staff, that "war is not the choice of those who wish passionately for peace. It is the choice of those who are willing to resort to violence for political ad-



vantage." If with this thought in mind we examine the nine reports included in this volume, we may lose some of the complacency generated by the most recent victory and realize that providence may be tempted once too often. Perhaps, after all, seven is a magic number.

Certainly in no other American conflict have we had more articulate leaders to share with the people of this country the progress of the war as far as security permitted. In World War II the three heads of our armed forces, Generals of the Army Marshall and Arnold, and Fleet Admiral King, bore the chief responsibility for transforming initial defeat into ultimate victory. Each wrote three reports of his stewardship. The nine together are important sources for the history of the war. They have already been published separately; their union in one volume with a foreword by Walter Millis and with an index serves a useful purpose, besides the convenience of having this valuable source material under one cover. Because we are face to face with the intricate problem of reorganizing our armed forces, juxtaposition of the annals of the Army, Navy, and Air Forces should help resolve some of these difficulties.

In all these reports tribute is paid to the cooperation between the autonomous ground, sea, and air forces. War necessitates teamwork; peace may well see disintegration instead of further much-needed integration, unless Congress and the American people insist on coordinating these forces through effective organization now. We may detect further within each of the three groups some lack of teamwork between combatant forces, supply and technical forces, and the group command and its staff. Here again we must be alert and informed. Certainly these readable reports provide a wealth of readily understandable information about the complex war that we are already tending to forget.

As he enters on his new duties, General Marshall's words from his final report are of particular interest. "There is no easy way to safeguard the nation or preserve the peace. In the immediate years ahead the United Nations will unquestionably devote their sincere energies to the effort to establish a lasting peace. To my mind there is now greater chance of success in this effort than ever before in history. . . . Our own responsibilities to these efforts are great. Our diplomacy must be wise and it must be strong. Nature tends to abhor weakness. . . . If our diplomacy is not backed by a sound security policy, it is, in my opinion, forecast to failure." This volume may influence the establishment of the sound security policy recommended by the former Chief of Staff who now directs our diplomacy.

Harvest

By Edwin Morgan

THE thunder jubilates and groans;
Clear flutter of sharp fragile showers
And gray indifference of winds
That got these fields with summer flowers.

The phantom of a naked tree,
Now that the sacred seed is sown,
Falls toward the darkness of the east
And every branch must die alone.

Now, indeed, no death is sure
Under beatitudes of rain:
And men whose fathers set the seed
Now reap infinities of grain.

And wild birds caught with love and night
Among the leaves already know
The fertile thrusting of the frost
The distant irony of angry snow.

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The Polar Pull of the Old World

DISCOVERY OF EUROPE. Edited by Philip Rahv. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1947. 743 pp. $5.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

THIS anthology of literary notes on Europe by great American men of letters has been selected "more with an eye to the subject of the experience than to its object." Accordingly it constitutes revelation rather than exploration. The European world, as Mr. Rahv puts it in his brilliant introduction, has "served the native imagination both as myth and reality." It has been "one of the poles of American culture, the other pole being . . . the frontier; and like Europe," he adds, "the frontier, too, is no less myth than reality."

In fact, preconceived concepts of themselves seem frequently to have influenced the attitude of early American travelers to Europe. Take, for instance, Abigail Adams's statement to her ambassador husband in Paris, explaining her hesitancy to join him: "A mere American, as I am, unaccustomed with the etiquette of the courts, taught to say the thing I mean and to wear my heart in my countenance, I am sure I should make an awkward figure." That proud awareness of republican simplicity, wavering between (sometimes half-ironic) self-dramatization, Puritan sobriety, and the fear of being unduly impressed, remained, well up to the middle of the nineteenth century, an attitude of American travellers in the Old World. Later that attitude coined the "Innocents Abroad." It flowered most curiously in Emerson's fierce rejection of the refined beauty of the Continental scene. "All this millinery and imbecility," he says, reflecting on a papal service which he happened to attend, "would be ridiculous to the eye of an Indian." Less than a generation later, appreciation of the treasures of Europe and the mode of life of her upper classes had become so widespread a passion, if not a fad, with monied Americans that no less a person than Mark Twain felt the urge to take issue with it. Yet the double-edged irony of his reports from Paris, reprinted in this volume, is still not entirely free from the bipolar pull of the American imagination.

Margaret Fuller distinguished three species of Americans abroad: the servile, the conceited, and the thinking—the last group consisting of people "who, recognizing the immense advantage of being born to a new world and on a virgin soil [do] not wish one seed from the past to be lost." That noble description of the "thinking American abroad" still holds true. Its spirit reverberates even in Gertrude Stein's famous statement that America was her country and Paris her home town.

However, it was not the Continent, or even the spiritual ventures of the literary expatriates in Paris, which had the greatest impact on American thinking—nor is it, for that matter, of the greatest interest in this book. Its most significant pieces deal with England. There the voyagers stood on historic ground. Whether it is Washington Irving admiring the typically English "mingling of cultivated and rustic society" in that country, or Hawthorne comparing the British delight in permanency with "Western love for change," or Henry James whose long inner struggle (up to his final decision that the British alone were "the great race"), to quote the editor, "perfectly embodies the theme and the purpose of this book"—in every instance their nostalgia as well as their criticism could claim, and claims, legitimacy. Even Emerson, easily the most uncompromising of pilgrims to Europe, found no way more apt of expressing his feelings than by telling Carlyle that England must "one day be contented, like other parents, to be strong only in her children."

The first proof of what today we call "world awareness" appears, in the notes assembled between these covers, in an excerpt from Melville's "Redburn." Concluding a description, Dickensian in either sense of the word, of low-class misery in the Liverpool of the 1840's, he says, "We are not a nation, so much as a world; for unless we claim all the world for our sire, like Melchizedek, we are without father and mother." Again, a family simile shapes the observation.

It took the greater part of a century to shift the explorers' interest from the esthetic and private to the socio-political sphere—although the tragi-comical adventures of Mrs. Dodsworth and her like kept on producing very good reading matter. One

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

OCCUPATIONS MENTIONED IN POETRY

Rose M. Chudley, of New York City, submits twenty familiar quotations in which the names of occupations have been omitted. Can you fill in the blanks? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 20.

1. The ....., a mighty man is he, with large and sinewy hands.
2. Oh, I'm in love with the ..... boy and he's in love with me.
3. The Walrus and the ..... were walking close at hand.
4. "As God's above," said Alice the.....,
   "I speak the truth; you are my child."
5. Here once the embattled ..... stood
   And fired the shot heard round the world.
6. Giuseppe, da ....., ees greata for "mash,"
   He gotta da bigga, da blacka moustache.
7. "Brave ....., speak! What shall I say?"
   "Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"
8. The ..... homeward plods his weary way.
9. "Oh, I am a ..... and a captain bold,
   And the mate of the Nancy brig."
10. Across the seas of Wonderland to Mogadore we plodded,
    Forty singing ..... in an old black barque.
11. "Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—" (The.....made reply).
12. The smell of apples newly ripe, and ..... ink on leaden type.
13. A chieftan, to the Highlands bound,
    Cries, "....., do not tarry!"
14. Far off the ..... footfall dies;
    The minutes crawl like last year's flies.
15. "Any answer, Madam," said my ..... "No," I told him.
16. A ..... who tooted the flute tried to teach two young tutors to toot.
17. I often wonder what the ..... buy
    One half so precious as the stuff they sell.
18. And the One who made the isthmus, He made the .....
19. But he said he was sick, and a king should know,
    And ..... came by the score.
20. The ..... rode slowly down the lane,
    Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

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of the most engrossing pieces of the volume is a chapter from the autobiography of Andrew D. White, the founder of Cornell, on his talks with Tolstoy. In these wordy pages, the spell cast by all matters Russian on the post-World War I intelligentsia is, as it were, foreshadowed in all its facets—and so are some of the misunderstandings which since have played havoc with a great deal of that fascination. "Today," Edmund Wilson wrote in 1935, "when one has been in the United States and then in Russia [the countries of Western Europe] seem a pack of little quarrelsome states, maintaining artificial barriers and suffering from morbid distempers." This is a far cry indeed from the impressions brought home by American critics from their grand tours in earlier days.

Of the full circle of their experiences, as of each of its stages, this rich anthology gives an excellent picture. Mr. Rahv's own comments whet the reader's appetite for the full-length book that he might write on the important problem illustrated so well by his present volume.

Potpourri in Kurdistan

A GARDEN TO THE EASTWARD. By Harold Lamb. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc. 1947. 347 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

HAROLD LAMB has dished up a potpourri of ancient history, Asiatic lore, current power politics, violent adventure, extramarital love, erudition, and idealism, concocted in the "cradle of civilization" known as Kurdistan, described by the author as "now the spot of greatest potential danger on earth." For those who enjoy Lamb, it is good provender, although a trifle indigestible.

Lame and scholarly Captain Jacob Ide, of U. S. Army Intelligence and a Manhattan newspaper rewrite desk, bought a bronze Pegasus 7,000 years old from an antiquarian in Cairo, then used his terminal leave to commence a search for its mate. His only clues to the source of a bronze *objet d'art* created in the Stone Age were three hints from a friendly Arab archeologist at Baghdad: "The place of Araman—it is on the track of the oldest lions. It's where East and West first met, and the Tower of Babel was built because of it."

Cleverly solving this riddle, Ide started looking for "a valley rather high up in a mountain chain, not so very far to the northeast of here [Baghdad], where the ancestors of the Biblical folk lived before they came down to these waters of Babylon to build their towers. The West and Far East first met there because people of this land and of China went there to get some superbly made art. . . ." The British tried to keep Ide out of what he was to consider a paradise, but an error in identity enabled him to leave Kirkuk and reach Riyat. There he met war-shocked Michal Thorne, searching for her garden of happiness, and an ailing British ex-brigadier and Orientalist, Sir Clement

Bigsby, whose ambition was to locate Araman.

Aided and abetted by bed-ridden Sir Clement, who gave him a German aerial photograph of Araman, Ide went into the wilds in quest of the site of a pre-Biblical civilization, which proved to be a truncated mountain cone with a lake and "a dozen families that speak a language of the dawn world. A fire altar as old as that. Beautiful bronze work, cliff sculpture, astronomical instruments, an aeolian harp . . . and wall paintings of purely oriental legends. . . ." En route, he is joined by love-hungry Michal and at Araman Sir Clement puts in an appearance to confront his arch-enemy of World War I, the German spy Vasstan.

Ide never found a mate for his Pegasus, but he did find himself sleeping with Michal (which cured her war jitters) and up to his neck in power politics, from which he emerged as a crusader for a Utopia. Into this paradise slithered a serpent in the form of a Soviet archeological expedition, led by a woman and followed by the Red Army supporting and then massacring revolting Kurds and subsequently taking possession. Thereafter, the only element lacking is the United States Marines, who would seem to be badly needed in the region. However, after being wounded, Ide escapes and manages to get back to Washington, to demand protection for the Kurds and Araman from Sovietization and to convince the State Department that the ideal site for a home for the United Nations would be Araman, where, Ide maintains, "the first systematic attempt was made to wage war against war by influencing the minds of human beings."

> Those mountains [Ide argues before the State Department] can be set apart as a sanctuary of the nations. . . . We've done as much in this country for bison and Indians. . . . You would draw the best type of volunteer brains to Araman from the outlying nations. Police its frontiers, if you must, with the guards of the small nations around it . . . but protect it with the might of the United States. At long last let our nation, let all of us, *do* something instead of talking about.

Praiseworthy words, those, including a great idea impossible of fruition, because the United Nations already has chosen New York. A United Nations functioning in the Kurdistan "cradle of civilization" would undoubtedly achieve more effective results than among the fleshpots, skyscrapers, and other modern, and so-called, civilizing influences of Baghdad-on-the-Subway.

In the end, as in this review, Lamb gets across his message, but he has contrived his situations and characters a bit too conveniently in order to display his extensive historical knowledge and to expose Russian expansionism in Eurasia. Moreover, his characters never seem really to come alive. In Ide's case, this may be due to Aristotle, who is omnipresent.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 194

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 194 will be found in the next issue.

SZCOI YSWOJ NQHH YOZ

RVEEK, PQE VE WOOGJ EDOY

GAAI. —BISZUVJ PSUAZ.

SGAEDOCYJ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 193

Our ships were British oak,
And hearts of oak our men.
—SAMUEL ARNOLD.
"Death of Nelson."

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Man of the Mighty Line

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. By Paul H. Kocher. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1946. 334 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THE great galaxy of the Elizabethans may seem daily more remote, but, like the actual island-universes, it becomes more and more interesting as our knowledge, paradoxically, is increased. Such another gathering and concentration of light is hardly to be found in the human record, and for better or worse we are still suffused with its magnificent radiance. If we consider certain men who were living in 1593, the year when Christopher Marlowe, aetat twenty-nine, was killed by one Friser in a savage scuffle "about the price of a meal," we can make an estimate of an extraordinary situation.

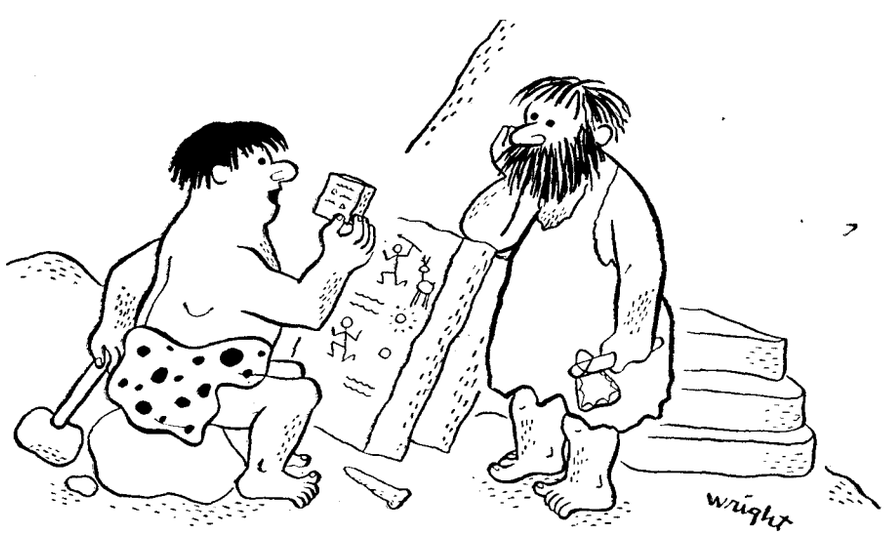
At the moment when the poniard struck home, Francis Bacon was thirty-three and Napier of Merchistoun, the inventor of logarithms and the first man to use the decimal point, was ten years older. Gilbert, who wrote the earliest valid account of magnetism, was in his fifties. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of blood, was a boy of thirteen. Edmund Spenser was a venerable figure of forty-three. William Shakespeare was almost exactly the same age as the victim of the tavern brawl. Chapman was thirty-four. Ben Jonson and John Donne were in their early twenties. The forty translators of the King James Version sat snug in their college common-rooms or country rectories, while the majestic pirates who had girdled the globe, fought the Armada, and turned an honest penny from the slave trade, were bickering at the Court of Gloriana and planning new discoveries and depredations. One gets lost among the second magnitudes of the Nashes, the Lylys, the Peeles, the Lodges, though even their gleams are hardly dimmed.

For once one must agree with Swinburne. Marlowe stands among the greatest of all poets. He left behind him seven plays, two of which are wonderful past all whooping, the beautiful but unfinished narrative poem "Hero and Leander," some exquisite lyrics, "and an astounding and sinister legend." Little enough is known about him, and much that is inferred stands in need of correction by persons capable of distinguishing between hypothesis and fact. Dr. Kocher, the author of this study of Marlowe's "thought, learning, and character," appears to be such a person, and he has done a notable if occasionally prolix job. He has examined every shred and patch of evidence, and he has the two connected virtues of modesty and good judgment. Seldom if ever has he been seduced by attractive improbabilities. And his findings are in accord with the available information rather than with some engaging preconception. Somehow this is a great relief.

From Marlowe's works, from scattering contemporary allusion, from historical records, Dr. Kocher has produced a pretty convincing portrait. Marlowe appears as a powerful opponent of the religious ideas of his time, rather a forerunner of the deists than the "blaspheming Tambolin" of commerce. He was at first inclined to a sort of proto-typical Nietzscheism, but was falling away from Tamburlaine the superman in the last of his brief years. He was widely read in religious literature, though his purposes were quite different from those of his contemporaries. In secular learning he was not so thorough-bred. And even his Latinity seems to have been no more than was to be expected of a bright Cambridge man. Of humor, often denied to him on the strength of his bombast, he had his fair share, as was indeed necessary. For, as many have observed, no man can write a great tragedy without it. Marlowe wrote two great tragedies and had in him those brave translunary things to write fifty more.

A vexed and unpleasant question may be raised at this point. The Privy Council in those days had transformed itself into a sort of Committee on un-Elizabethan Activities, and a report on Marlowe was submitted to it by a person named Baines. The "Baines Note" accuses the poet of various enormities, including sexual abnormality. Dr. Kocher has analysed this document with uncommon acumen, and certainly some of the reported remarks can be equated with passages in the plays or poems. But the point may be made that sixteenth-century informers were certainly no more reliable than their unpleasant descendants in our own time. Wild talk at an inn, when the desire to shock and irritate some Puritan antagonist overbore discretion, might readily and even satisfactorily account for an accusation which is the first to be preferred against persons in the bad books of more or less absolute governments, as we may learn from ancient Rome and modern Germany. There is little doubt that Marlowe spoke and very likely wrote against the established religion. What more natural than to bring such a charge against an "atheist"? It would be in the best spirit of a Dies Committee.

Dr. Kocher's revaluation of the evidence is occasionally long-winded, but in general of such interest that it might well have pleased the man who should have written this review, the delightful and lamented Tucker Brooke. It should be added that, though the nature of his investigation has taken him into innumerable strange holes and uncounted odd corners, at no time has he lost sight of the splendor of his poet. He put the reviewer under the pleasant necessity of descending again into the glorious waters. In spite of the declamatory rant which thrilled Ancient Pistol and diverted his creator, there is only one poet who can touch Marlowe in his great moments, as when Faustus invokes Helen or Mortimer takes his leave of Isabel. It is human and reasonable to lament the early deaths of Chatterton, of Keats, of Shelley, but Friser's coup de Jarnac was the most dolorous stroke in the history of our literature.



"I've been trying some short stories lately."

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Tramp Steamer with Rare Crew

ANDROMEDA. By Jacland Marmur. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1947. 279 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by SLOAN WILSON

BACK in the first days of the war when every radio broadcast brought news of another ship sunk, *Andromeda* was the last ship to leave Singapore. World War II sailors probably will find little familiar in its story as here presented. The ship belonged to an era when homesick people were allowed to stay home. Those who sailed vessels like her did so because they found it easier to earn a living at sea than at home ashore.

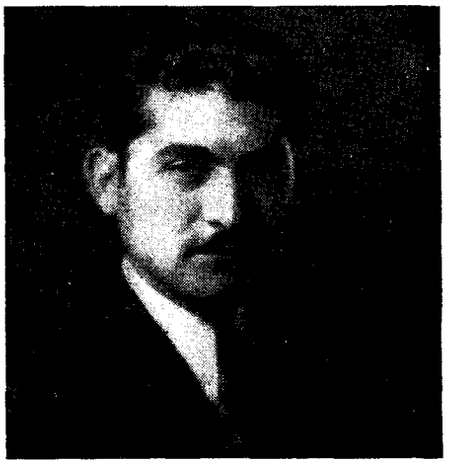
Andromeda was a tramp steamer, her crew differed as much from the usual wartime crew as her hull differed from a Victory ship. The fact that *Andromeda's* men found themselves in the second war of their lives did not change their natures, and because of that the book is really more about the old days at sea than the new ones.

Sticklers for realism may object that no matter what era *Andromeda* belonged to, it would be rare to find a tramp steamer which included in her company a beautiful girl, a young, handsome, and virtuous first mate, a grandfatherly old chief engineer who was writing a book, an habitually mute member of the black gang who composed music and played the violin, and an assortment of seamen suffering from varying degrees of psychoneurosis left over from the First World War.

One answer to this is, well, a beautiful girl might be aboard a tramp steamer; the chief engineer could be writing a book, and there's no reason why a violin-playing member of the black gang couldn't exist. A better answer is that Mr. Marmur sat down to write a romance, complete with hero, heroine, and villain, and most readers who like to be entertained will probably be grateful to him for it.

What with the war making it pretty doubtful whether *Andromeda* will ever arrive at her destination, and what with the young lady aboard acting pretty unpredictable about whom she's going to love, suspense is not lacking in the story. This gives the author a chance to let his characters sit around talking philosophy without fear of scaring the reader away. Realists may again object that it is a rare engineer who chats about his ship being a microcosm of the world and a rare ship's carpenter who keeps inquiring about the basic cause of war, but then again, it is more interesting to read about these rare characters, perhaps, than about chief engineers and carpenters who do nothing but grunt and spit.

The fact that the book is a romance, not a study of men at sea, does not mean that the reader will find himself obliged to take everything in it lightly. The book jacket says that the author himself sailed on merchant ships, and there is nothing in the details of the story to make one question the background. The anachronistic sailors aboard the old tramp steamer quite understandably express a good deal of indignation at being thrown into another war. They talk about the state of the world, and more or less reach the conclusion that for lasting peace "we will have to wait for better people." After all, that's probably true—if we can wait that long.



Jacland Marmur's "characters sit around talking philosophy without fear of scaring the reader away."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Smith. Longfellow: "Village Blacksmith." 2. Janitor. Nathalia Crane: "The Janitor's Boy." 3. Carpenter. Carroll: "The Walrus and the Carpenter." 4. Nurse. Tennyson: "Lady Clare." 5. Farmers. Emerson: "Concord Hymn." 6. Barber. Daly: "Mia Carlotta." 7. Admiral. Miller: "Columbus." 8. Plowman. Gray: "Elegy." 9. Cook. Gilbert: "Yarn of the Nancy Bell." 10. Seamen. Noyes: "Forty Singing Seamen." 11. Pilot. Coleridge: "Ancient Mariner." 12. Printer's. Morley: "Smells." 13. Boatman. Campbell: "Lord Ullin's Daughter." 14. Sheriff's. Torrence: "The Bird and the Tree." 15. Footman. Lowell: "Patterns." 16. Tutor. Wells: "Limerick." 17. Vintners. Fitzgerald: "The Rubaiyat." 18. Engineer. MacKaye: "Goethals." 19. Doctors. Hay: "The Enchanted Shirt." 20. Judge. Whittier: "Maud Muller."

Neo-Metaphysical Poetry

PARADE OF DOVES. By Eve Triem. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1946. 56 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by I. L. SALOMON

THE League to Support Poetry has just given its 1946 Annual Award to Eve Triem for her "Parade of Doves." This is the work of a sensitive and imaginative poet who is alive to the nature of reality. This first book has several emphases, too many themes, so that the volume finally adds up to no organic whole despite the consistent personal integration. The writing is slender, precise, and neo-metaphysical in scope. Eve Triem says well what she has to say concerning nature, war, post-war complexities, and Greek classicism. Her orientation is towards the myth, and her book will be welcomed by that coterie of poets who are our modern-day Wits.

Miss Triem is at her best in such lyrics as "Remember Now" and "The Witness"; the one, contemplative and urgent, the other, bright and terrible, In an admirable lyric, "Declaration at Ellis Island," she makes her identification with all being, cosmic man in a cosmic world; this lyric has a modernity of insight the poetry reader will treasure. It is unfortunate that she comes a cropper when she writes of music; perhaps Shostakovitch and Debussy mean different things to different poets. The opening lines to Debussy's "La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin," I feel the music ripple in me, winding, blending eerily," might have been excised. For a poet who can write:

> Like the gentle tolling of bells over water,
> They pitied the races laboring with such fervor toward doom;
> And they touched my mouth. And I was their stunned and crying witness.

the music poems are poor indeed. A slight tendency to preciosity, calling the trunk of an elm, "the huge stem" and "black stems," might well be avoided.

This is a good first book, and both Miss Triem and The League to Support Poetry are indeed to be congratulated.

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Life as a Monstrous Lost Weekend

THE TOWER OF BABEL. By Elias Canetti. Translated by C. V. Wedgwood. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1947. 427 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

THIS unique psychological novel is a cross between Joyce's "Ulysses" and "Alice in Wonderland." Its macabre humor suggests Salvador Dali and its satire, Dean Swift. In the grandeur of its lunacy it bears remote resemblances to Paul Claudel's "Satin Slipper" and Gertrude Stein's "Four Saints in Three Acts." The rowdyism of its more violent scenes is straight Olsen and Johnson slapstick.

Consider the reflection which Paul Kien, the hero, chances upon in a mirror:

> Watery blue eyes and no cheeks at all. His forehead, rigid as a rock-face, from which his nose plunged at right angles toward the abyss, an edge dizzily narrow. At its base, almost hidden, cowered two minute black insects. No one would have guessed them to be nostrils. His mouth as the slot of a machine. Two sharp lines, like artificial scars, ran from his temples to his chin and met at its point. These and his nose divided his long and lean face into five strips of a terrifying narrowness; narrow, but strictly symmetrical; there was no room to linger anywhere and Kien did not linger. For when he saw himself—he was not used to seeing himself—he suddenly felt very lonely. He decided to lose himself among a crowd of people. Perhaps he would then forget how lonely his face was . . .

It is in the key of cosmic loneliness that the sustaining mood of the book is pitched. Dr. Kien is a sinologist whose life is austerely devoted to his Chinese studies and his Oriental library. Through his wife's greed the learned recluse is forced out into a hectic demi-world that has nothing in common with the idealistic domain of Buddha and Confucius. The scholar's mind gives way under the mundane strain. His psychiatrist brother tries to stem the tide of madness and succeeds only in speeding up the tragic climax of the story.

Through close-packed chapters that hover on the brink of delirium Dr. Kien picks a bewildered and solitary way. In the grand *reductio ad absurdum* that is his universe "man is the only deformity." As far as his defenseless psyche is concerned, life is one monstrous lost weekend. In "The Tower of Babel" the hero just can't win.

And what does it all mean? Is there a foundation to the jumbled superstructure of magnificent nonsense? Is there more than meets the eye to the hideously involuted humor that allows the hero's wife to devour herself piece by piece? The key to the answers may lie in the publisher's note that Dr. Canetti, Viennese author, has been studying the psychology of mass and power for over twenty years. "The Tower of Babel" will probably mean many things to many readers. To the reviewer, on one reading, the book is super-satire, an essay on man to end essays on man. Its outrageous rationalizations and labyrinthine *non sequiturs* spoof many aspects of our civilization, including racism, capitalism, and propaganda "literature."

Whatever it means, "The Tower of Babel" is powerful stuff, lusty, mordant—strictly for adults. You may not like its Gothic comedy, but you will have to admit that its author has turned out a real *tour de force* of despair.

Saroyan à la Russe

SONS. By V. A. Smirnov. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 305 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

THIS latest novel to come out of Russia appears to be a workmanlike mixture of pious, idyllic German mid-nineteenth-century peasant romance and American rags-to-riches story. Yet it is at the same time decidedly much more than a piece of good workmanship. Therefore we must assume that this is the kind of fiction Moscow counsels, asks, or—I wouldn't know—commissions its first-rate authors to produce. On the strength of his present performance, M. Smirnov surely belongs to Russia's front line of creative writers. He does not possess the broad vision of his comrade Leonid Leonov, or his subtlety—which makes Leonov's work truly great writing despite its propagandistic or, at any rate, conformist tenor; but as the narrator of a straight story and, above all, as a descriptive writer M. Smirnov is an important artist. His detailed pictures of life in the fields, for instance, breathe a captivating authenticity—they nearly assail the reader's nostrils.

His novel is about Anna, a peasant woman whose husband is killed in the Civil War, and who fights her misery tooth and nail in order to bring up Alexei and Mikhail, the twins born after their father's death. His sacrifice has not been in vain. The new world he died for comes to the village. Only reluctantly, however, do its flax-growing smallholders accept collectivization—offered to them (it seems), not imposed—and Anna is among the more reluctant. It is her boys' natural growing into that changed world that prompts Anna to join it after much inner struggle, and take to the novel tenets and to the bewildering machinery of the *kolkhoz*. Yet still she defends her one cow against the idealistic rapacity of the village soviet; and she is deeply gratified when the central government—or, as she puts it, Stalin—orders the cattle to be left to the peasants who raise their communal crop. "So life went on, new in some ways, old in others—who could sort it out?"

M. Smirnov creates full-blooded characters; but most of them have a definite streak of Saroyan-like goodness. Even the one fully-developed figure of a *kulak* is not as much of a villain as he appears to be. Incidentally, this *kulak* is won over to the *kolkhoz* spirit by surprisingly peaceable means. In short, M. Smirnov's Russia of the 1920's and 1930's is a patriarchal and idealized region despite the modernization that is his central theme.

Anna achieves all the victories a hard-working Soviet citizeness may ask for. Her sons, if unequal and often at loggerheads, become each in his own way the very pride of the village. And Anna herself—who owes everything to the soviet way of life, and in turn gives everything to it—goes places in the end: she is summoned to the Moscow conference of Stakhanovite flax growers, and there Stalin, bestowing a medal on the old woman, shakes hands with her, and the two have a friendly chat. Older readers of Continental fiction may recall with a little smile many a similar scene of virtue rewarded, with Francis Joseph, or some other affable monarch, in the rôle of the benign, silver-tongued ruler. Quite a way that shop-worn scene has gone!

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BANKRUPT REALISM

UNLESS we miss all the signs, John Steinbeck's new novel, "The Wayward Bus," will touch off some enlivened literary controversy on at least two separate levels.

On the first level, there is already some argument concerning Mr. Steinbeck's intentions. Is the novel allegory or isn't it? Several reviewers, including our own, have said that it is; they see in it an artful and commanding attempt to point to the greatest tyranny of all — the self-torture of self-inflicted restraints, the surface adherence to artificial values of morality, the inevitable disintegration of the individual when exposed to the corrosive acids of a fabulously complicated social organism.

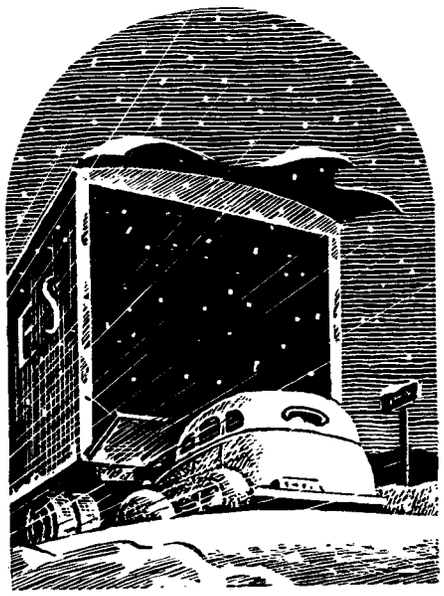
Other reviewers, equally persuasive, claim to have found no more than meets the reading eye. Whatever the merits of the book may be—and there is considerable disagreement here—these reviewers profess to have penetrated through to no subterranean allegorical vaults; they seem to regard it as nothing more complex than a theme ideally suited to the Steinbeck method. (By way of parenthetical substantiation, we are reminded of his peculiar fondness for people trying to get from one place to another, especially as it may involve automobile museum pieces and their inevitable but literarily convenient breakdowns.)

The controversy on this first level is pleasant but largely academic, since it can only be resolved by Mr. Steinbeck himself, who of course will not tell. But there is no reason why both groups should not have the satisfaction of their own impressions. Allegory, like gold, is where you find it, and any reader who is prospecting for a shiny Message should feel rewarded whenever and wherever he recognizes a glint. Similarly, those who take the book at face value need not feel they are showing symptoms of arrested mental development if their senses fail to detect any profound allegorical implications.

But there is a second and more fruitful level of controversy over the Steinbeck book. John Steinbeck, if he is not the superintendent of the modern school of literary realism, is at least in joint possession of the keys with Ernest Hemingway, although Faulkner, Farrell, and Dos Passos are able to get in and out without knocking. And if that particular school seems to be fading, then it is not inappropriate if the superintendent himself should furnish us with indications of significant weakness.

Our contention, then, is that the dominant mood of American fiction is due for an important change. "Realistic writing," which has prevailed so emphatically for more than twenty years, is now revealing points of critical insufficiency.

Before examining this insufficiency, it may be in order to review some of the principal characteristics of the realistic school. A relentless and frequently ruthless frankness was combined with a sharp ear for dialogue and a still sharper eye for strong off-colors. The tempered-steel hardness of the images contrasted violently with, and was indeed a bitter reaction away from, the lavender-pillowed softness of much of American fiction in the generation before World War I. Realism in writing involved much more than technique: it was fiercely purposeful. Every line, every image, had to carry an assigned payload of social purpose. Which was all to the good. War, slums, unemployment, sharecroppers, Okies, the proletarian artist—these were among the more favored subjects to be dramatized.



More recently, however, realistic writing has gradually lost in strength and vitality, even as it has enlarged on its defects—defects which were inherent in the technique to begin with but which were heavily overshadowed by the drive and flavor of the medium itself. The writers of the realistic school took a calculated risk: if they failed to tie realism to purpose, tie it clearly and definitely, then they stood in danger of robbing their work of its very validity.

And that is just what is happening today. Realism is being divorced from purpose. The attempt is being made to regard realism as an end in itself. It makes no difference, apparently, where the novelist holds his mirror so long as he can be pungent and graphic about what he wants the reader to see. Thus we have had a weird procession of literary curiosa and erotica. It is not fooling anyone to reply to this by raising the cry of prudery. What is offensive is not the use of a word, but the strained, artless, and unrelated nature of extraneous situations brought in to capture the snicker market. Realism of this sort is about as appealing as an old goat emerging from a wet thicket.

Now, John Steinbeck is not to be confused with the more glaring examples of bankrupt realism. In terms of sheer literary talent and command of his materials, he is excelled by few if any living American writers. We had looked forward to "The Wayward Bus," hoping that he would get back on the track again after his amusing burlesque in "Cannery Row," and after his long recess following "The Grapes of Wrath." We had looked to him to put realistic writing back into business, to restore its validity, to prove, as he did in "The Grapes of Wrath," that realism can be an effective tool but must not master the writer himself.

Despite all the good things that have been and can be said about "The Wayward Bus"; despite its sustained brilliance, the striking power of its images, its grasp of situations, the complete credibility and vividness of its characters, its dramatic staging and effects—despite all this, there are sizable indications that Steinbeck has been infected with what is at least extraneous realism. He has a passion for itemization, and you marvel at the awareness of detail which enables him to walk into a lunchroom and take a descriptive inventory of every item over or under the counter, down to the last box of Wheaties. But this passion has become an undisciplined obsession unrelated to all reasonable purpose. When, for example, he takes the reader inside a ladies' toilet, minutely describing the

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fixtures and the postures and conversations of the occupants, you have not the slightest doubt that he is being realistic, but you are not impressed. Instead, you wonder why a mature writer should parade his ability to satisfy the curiosities and compulsions of an adolescent.

A Steinbeck supporter may object that such evidence as this is much too slight for a general indictment. What we are describing, however, is not an example but a characteristic. It is a symptomatic indication of the recent general trend of his work—a work that shows signs of undiscipline and unevenness, so much so that the book as a whole, with or without its ascribed allegorical significance,* fails by far to measure up to the ability of "The Grapes of Wrath" to equate realism with purpose. By that much, too, does it fit in with and lend momentum to the present drift towards corrupted naturalism.

Why does a fashion or a period or a school of writing die out? Sometimes the writers just become too tired; sometimes the public mood changes and only the new writers are sensitive enough to anticipate it and respond with proper energy at the propitious moment; sometimes the books slide into patterns falsely created by the best-seller lists; sometimes the public itself is fed up and a reaction sets in. Sometimes, a combination of all these and more is responsible, which is what seems to be happening today. We are in a transition period, but it is too early to tell what will take the place of the pioneering realism of the twenties, the radical realism of the thirties, and the stilted realism of the forties.

But if the needs of America in particular and humanity in general are to be consulted, then the job of the writer is clear: let him first restore his respect for the craft of writing. Let him pour all his talents into the handling of a theme much more fundamental and dramatic and challenging than any problem human evolution has yet known—the need for individual man to find a way of changing the general direction of his mind so that it turns primarily outward rather than inward. Such a change would automatically fulfill what all through the ages was the dream of the philosophers and the poets, but what is today the very specific and crystallized prerequisite for continuation of the human species on this particular planet—the creation of a Group Conscience. N. C.

* *The reader who is interested in modern allegorical technique is referred to "The Aerodrome," by Rex Warner. It is an unusual novel, gracious in its prose but drastic in its theme. Though not altogether pleasurable as fiction, it is one of the richest novels of ideas we have read in recent months.*

Nocturne

By José Asuncion Silva

(Translated from the Spanish by Mary Lasswell)

ONE night,
A night full of murmur, of perfume, of music of wings,
One night,
When fantasmic fireflies lit the moist and nuptial shade,
At my side, your full length pressed against mine,
Mute and pale,
As though a presentment of infinite bitterness
Shook your most secret fibers,
Down the flowered path that crossed the plain
Slowly you walked.

And the full moon
Across the azure skies, limitless and profound, spread its
White light.
And your shadow
Delicate and languid
And my shadow
By the moon's light projected
On the sad sands
Of the path became one,
And were one,
And were one,
And were one lone, long shadow
And were one lone, long shadow
And were one lone, long shadow . . .

Tonight, alone;
My soul full of the boundless bitterness and agony of your death,
Parted from you by time, the grave, and infinite distance,
By the void of blackness that our voices cannot pierce,
Mute and alone
Down that path I walked . . .
And there I heard the sound of dogs that bayed the moon,
The pale moon,
And the shrilling of the toads . . .
I was cold; it was the cold of your cheeks in your bedroom,
Your temples, and your adored hands among
The snowy whiteness of your winding sheets.
It was the coldness of the tomb, it was the ice of death,
It was the cold of nothingness.

And my shadow
By the moon's light projected
Walked alone,
Walked alone,
Walked alone by the solitary steppe.
And your shadow
Lithe and agile,
Delicate and languid
As on that warm night of the dead spring,
As on that night full of murmur, of perfume, of music of wings,
Drew near and walked with mine,
Drew near and walked with mine,
Drew near and walked with mine . . . shadows entwined.

Oh, the shades of the bodies that join the shadows of the soul!
Oh, the shades that seek each other out in nights of grief and tears!

José Asuncion Silva was born in Bogota, Colombia, in 1865 and died in 1896 by his own hand. He possessed no secret of style, but he did hold the supreme secret of personality.

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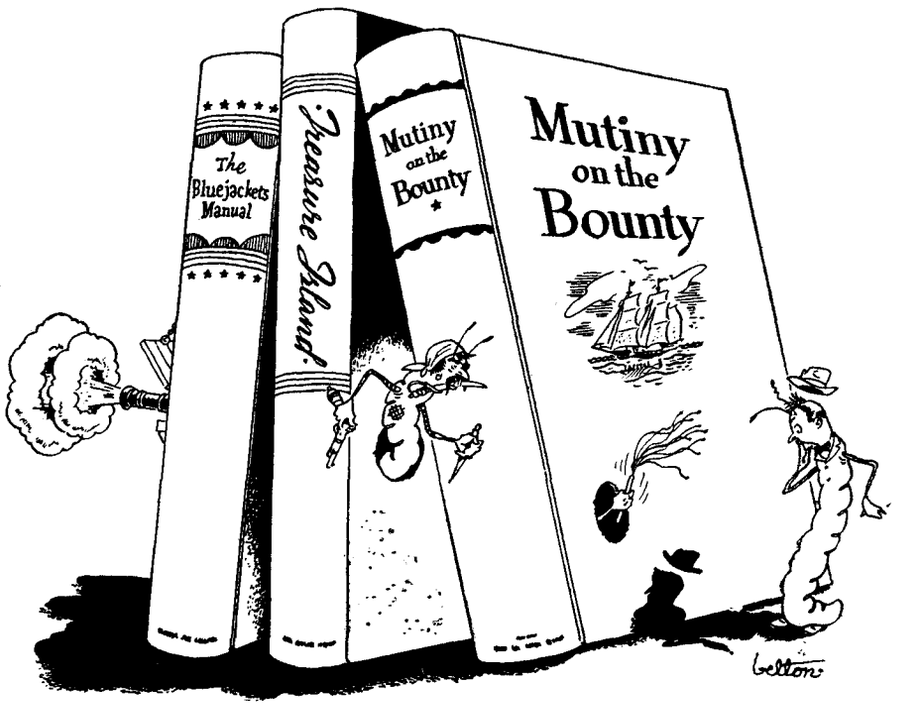
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Ally Betrayed

SIR: Robert St. John's review of my book ("Ally Betrayed") was as critical as I expected it to be. Since I consider Tito's regime to be a totalitarian tyranny whereas St. John considers it a "people's democracy," orchids were the last thing I looked for. A reviewer has a right to his opinions. But no reviewer has the right completely to misrepresent an author or to trim his quotations, for and aft, in such a manner that the author's original meaning is entirely perverted.

1. "*He* [David Martin] *even excuses the quisling Nedich,*" says St. John—and then he goes on to quote me: ". . . someone had to assume the unpleasant responsibility of dealing with the Germans. Nedich was a man modeled very much after Petain . . . he was not pro-German . . . but he was getting on in years, he was weak, and he was inclined to passivity and defeatism." *End quote.* The next few sentences in my text read as follows: "According to their own lights, both Nedich and Petain originally acted out of patriotic motives; each hoped that he would be able to make the lot of his people somewhat easier under the occupation. But having placed themselves at the disposition of the Germans, they found themselves making concession after concession until at last they accepted their subservience as a matter of course. Having said 'A,' they moved on step by step until at last they were saying 'Z'."

. . . It would take a considerable stretching of the English language to interpret *this* as "excusing the quisling Nedich."

2. *Mr. Martin probably boasts that he is a Socialist,*" says St. John, "*yet at one point he even states his opposition to a nationalization program such as has been undertaken by the Labour Party.*" At no point in the book do I state my opposition to the Labour Party's program. I quote myself: ". . . . there is no reason why the socialization of the basic industries should not be compatible with the existence of a substantial sector of private enterprise in agriculture, the lesser industries, and the distributive trades." This, I believe, is substantially the position of the British Labour Party.

3. "*He admits,*" says St. John, "*that Tito's movement had a more dynamic appeal to the people than did Mihailovich's.*" I make no such admission. Let me quote myself again: "His programmatic weakness notwithstanding, Mihailovich remained the acknowledged leader of the Serb peasantry. The Communists had little with which to appeal to them, and their methods invariably antagonized them."

4. "*He dismisses as unimportant,*" says St. John, "*the fact that Mihailovich was surrounded by a large number of reactionary characters—'rather nasty people,' as he himself calls them.*" I certainly do not dismiss the fact as *unimportant.* On the contrary, I give it very serious consideration. What I do say—and I support this charge with documents in black and white—is that there were far more reactionaries, and far worse reactionaries, including many outright fascists and quislings, on the side of Tito. This *fact* St. John conveniently ignores.

5. Says St. John: "*He accuses the British Foreign Office, BBC, our State Department, OWI, British and American reporters and editors, Winston Churchill, Major Randolph Churchill, the Voice of America radio station, American intelligence officers, British intelligence officers . . . Louis Adamic and even King Peter for giving the world . . . a distorted picture of the entire Yugoslav situation. It would take more evidence than Mr. Martin has been able to amass to convince most readers that he is right and that they were all wrong.*"

Is it really a case of the word of David Martin against that of the entire world, as St. John makes it out to be? I state in my book, and I reiterate categorically here (since St. John overlooks this in his convenient little compilation) that *every single British and American officer ever attached to Mihailovich recommended his continued support.* What is more, a substantial number of officers attached to Tito's forces—among them Lt. Colonel Lynn Farish, senior American member of the Anglo-American Mission—saw nothing that would bear out the Partisan charges against Mihailovich and recommended that the Allies enforce a compromise on the two warring Yugoslav factions. Finally, Roosevelt himself had serious misgivings about Churchill's policy and gave many indications of sympathy for Mihailovich. . . . So Mr. Martin is not *quite* all alone.

DAVID MARTIN.

New York, N. Y.

Modern Woman, Plaintiff

SIR: One of the most useful functions of a publication such as yours is to keep its older readers abreast of contemporary thought. For example, when I was young it was generally supposed that the sixty or seventy million female inhabitants of the United States were not all alike; that just as some were heavier than others, and some better-looking than others, so some were more intelligent than others, more virtuous than others, more agreeable than others, and so on. From various items that you have published lately—Mr. Philip Wylie's review on [Feb. 1] "Modern Woman: The Lost Sex" and your editorial "Woman, the Scapegoat" [Jan. 18], among others—I gather that all this has been changed; and that it is now possible to speak with confident certainty of what Women Do, Women Are, etc. This marks a great advance in scientific precision of thought, and entitles the present generation to feel much superior to its predecessors.

But it entails some dangers; and accordingly I was surprised to see the editors, in this same issue of Feb. 1, coming out in favor of the writing into our statutes of the principle of group libel—"laws which would give members of a group the right to institute proper legal action against its defamers." Suppose that your crusade for this reform should be successful; and that thereafter some judge—victim, of course, of a cultural lag—should disagree with you about what Women Do or Women Are? That could run into money.

ELMER DAVIS.

Washington, D. C.

Hymns of Hate

SIR: "Prior to" (for *before*) or "following" (for *after*)
I know not which of the twain is dafter.

GEORGE H. MATHER.

Royal Oak,
Vancouver Island, Can.

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Jewry Must Wait

THE JEWISH PROBLEM IN THE MODERN WORLD. By James Parkes. New York: Oxford University Press. 1946. 142 *pp.* $1.25.

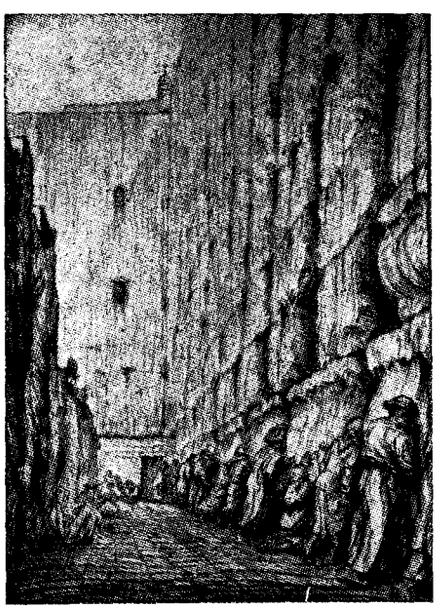
Reviewed by H. M. KALLEN

THIS book was first published in England in 1939. The present is the first American edition, and it is offered as one more volume in the distinguished series composing the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge, now an enterprise of the Oxford University Press. James Parkes, the author, is an old China hand on the Jewish problem; in fact, one of the oldest and best informed. Between 1934 and 1941 he had produced at least six other books on the subject. Mr. Parkes writes as an historian who has set out to report the record as it was made and to interpret its dynamic with sympathy and without prejudice. His narrative is "objective" but not cold; detached and reserved, yet stirring to pity and terror via a smooth, even, waltz-time prose that seems to flow without accent and without climax. There is a pervasive understatement which is very telling.

Mr. Parkes separates his story into three phases. The first sums up what happened to the Jews before 1914; the second tells of the period between 1919 and 1939; the third of the ruin that was wrought after 1939. The idea of Palestine, the faith and the fact both, runs obligato through the tale. That opens with an explanation of "why there is a Jewish question" and ends with a forecast of the future of Jewry. These people, the author indicates, go on as usual, learning mercy through suffering. "There is no deeper or truer verdict on Jewry than this. Because they have suffered much they are of all people the most merciful." But for them their mercifulness is hardly deliverance. "While other nations begin to reconstruct, Jewry must wait. Her fate everywhere lies in other hands than her own."

If I do not misread him, the author's studies have led him to believe that it was the Jews themselves who placed their fate in other hands. The Jewish problem is to him a product of Jewish history. Having developed an intolerant monotheism and a doctrine of divine election to a divine mission, the Jews provided a precedent for the Christians, who knew how to improve upon their example. Both claim that the Bible is the revealed Word of God, but that concerning the Word's meaning only one can be right. Yet basically "Judaism has no place for an authority which restricts freedom of examination and interpretation . . . variety of interpretation is as instinctive to a Jew as heresy is repugnant to a Christian or deviation is culpable to a Communist." The authoritarianism of Judaistic orthodoxy is relatively recent and due to "persecution and suppression," but Christianity is given over to a rigid authoritarianism either of Pope or of Bible. When the Church was brought to power in Rome, the Jews became "an intolerant minority under an intolerant majority." The latter then shut them out and cut them off. It made of anybody called "Jew" a member of "an utterly reprobate and rejected people."

Not until the democratic revolution in America and in France were the doors of the world reopened to Jews and free communication with non-Jews permitted them. Some, thereupon, sought relief from the penalties of being Jews through assimilation, others through Zionism, others by clinging to the medieval isolation of the Judaist orthodoxy. Everywhere in Europe anti-Semitism came to be employed as a diversionary vehicle for anti-democracy, as the tactic of "a carefully organized conspiracy of privilege against 'the common man'." There was—as in the nature of things there would be for any and every people—always some natural datum of fact to blow up into the monsters of fantasy with which anti-Semites rationalized their aggression against the Jew, the aggression modernly signalized by Russian czarism, by French militarism and royalism, by Polish jingoism and clericalism, and consummated by German hitlerism. Reporting the last, Mr. Parkes concludes: "We can only stand silent and shamed before so immense a disaster."



—*Percy Smith.*

The Place of Wailing, Jerusalem.

No more than that, James Parkes? What aid or comfort are your silence and shame to the remnants of a wrecked community whose fate everywhere lies in other hands than their own? Is there no way open for those other hands to make themselves helping hands? Then, indeed, Jewish patience has come to its dead end! How can Jewry wait? What, whom, shall it wait for? How can any Jew in the concentration camps of Europe and of Cyprus, in the settlements of Palestine, or in the congregations of America, escape taking a counsel of hopelessness and despair, and prefer rather to perish in a clean fight for the democratic integrity of his Jewish being than servilely to survive in the obscene neglect of the Christian powers. As Arthur Koestler wrote in "Thieves of the Night": "One can reach a point of humiliation where violence is the only outlet." Where you deplore the Irgun and the Sternists, James Parkes, think of Koestler. Ask yourself if they are so different from the martyrs of the Battle of the Warsaw Ghetto.

Alas, with all your wise insight, your scientific objectivity, your generous understanding, you remain a Job's comforter. Although you know that the fate of the Jew is not in his own hands, you write as if he himself were the maker of this fate. You discourse of "the Jewish problem in the modern world" as if it was a consequence of the Jewish being and an aspect of what is modern in modernity. You know the difference—who has more soundly contributed to our knowledge of it than you?—yet you do not distinguish between the Jews as living men of flesh and bone and "the Jew" as a Christian idea. That idea is an integer in the doctrinal heritage of Christian society. It is taught wherever Christianity is taught, so that there can be no Christian without the sense of the Christian meaning of the word "Jew." And the meaning is an a priori proposition of the faith, not an empirical description of the people. It suffuses and shapes whatever descriptions are attempted. Were there not a single Jew left in the world, it would still render "utterly reprobate and rejected" any and every non-Jew to whom the category "Jew" was applied.

Although the idea pervades the modern world, it is not modern. It is only contemporary. Modernity, with its methods of scientific inquiry, its "higher criticism," its democratic temper, challenges and repudiates the idea. Modernity is aware that actual experience of actual Jews has regu-

(*Continued on page* 28)

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"An anthology with an idea for a change". The New Yorker

Discovery of Europe

Edited by Philip Rahv

What's the idea of publishing an anthology with an idea—even for a change?

The idea is to find out some things about our western world that have not been too clearly seen before. The method has been to turn the candid eye of a youthful America upon its cultural source, Europe.

If you look at a certain Madame Helvetius of Paris first with the acid Boston eye of young Abigail Adams and then with the aging but wolfish eye of Benjamin Franklin, you will find that certain things about Europe and America have not changed since the American revolution, but when you compare the im-

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pressions of the young matron, Mrs. Adams, in Paris, with those of the elderly maiden Miss Gertrude Stein, you find that the city which was tainted and tarnished for one, replenished the other. Similarly, you will find that a shabby Rome replenished Hawthorne who seemed to combine a need for the sharp odor of the dust of ages which lay upon Rome with the same narrow yet inspiring New England hatred for the Continent that the ex-patriot Henry James could never really conceal beneath the thick flood of his adverbs.

In this book you will find the deep rolling belly laugh of Mark Twain at the whole kaboodle and you may compare it with the manic cackle of Ring Lardner who also was not always impressed. In this book the Moscow of Lincoln Steffens and William Bullitt is set close to the Moscow of Edmund Wilson and the Romantic fever of Hemingway to the percipient disillusionment of Dos Passos.

This is a book rich in the true worldliness that gives to its reader a just feeling for the currents in which we swim. And that is the idea in publishing an anthology with an idea even at the risk of a change.

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(*Continued from page* 25)
larly shown itself inconsistent with doctrinal definition. Is not this experience the reason why the Church had, as you point out, during a thousand years to fight Jews and Judaism among the Christian laity, and to penalize every real neighborliness? Is not this experience the reason why, again, anti-Semitism receded where democratic ideas led. Is there any variety of today's anti-Semitism which does not grow from yesterday's doctrinal root? "The Jewish problem in the modern world" is not new growth but ancient survival. It is an enduring aspect of the persistent, world-wide aggression against the modern of which nazism is but the last defeated phase.

I conclude, James Parkes, by reminding you of the words spoken in 1942 by your fellow-countryman, the late Lord Davies: "In this tragic conflict we must be for or against the Jews: there can be no neutrality. Our attitude toward them becomes a test of our professions and the sincerity of our war aims. It strikes at the root of our morale, and if we abandon the Jews we abandon everything because Hitler has chosen to make them his special target. Whether we like it or not, and however inconvenient it may be, the Jewish people have become the personification of the issues involved in this world struggle between right and wrong, between good and evil. . . . Surely it is the height of folly to repudiate our principles and cold-shoulder our friends in order to curry favor with neutrals or with potential enemies."

Perhaps you will feel moved to pass on this testament of their dead compatriot to those British Socialists and Christian gentlemen, Ernest Bevin and Clement Atlee.

H. M. Kallen teaches philosophy and psychology at the New School for Social Research—the last of the original staff. Among other topics, his books cover Zionism, religion, the League of Nations, philosophy, and the arts.

Some Long Revolutionary Thoughts

THERE WILL BE NO TIME: The Revolution in Strategy. By William Liscum Borden. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 225 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GERALD WENDT

THIS is the first important book on World War III designed to end the naive but fatal error of basing military preparations on the obsolete patterns of the past war. It was written, not by a general, but by a youngster, Yale 1942, combat pilot, and now a student in the Yale Law School. His Liberator bomber seemed "a primitive horse-drawn buggy" that night in November 1944 when a blazing V-2 rocket flashed past him toward England and started these long revolutionary thoughts. It is a pity to summarize his closely reasoned, tightly written book in a brief review, for it is a book that should be read word for word by all who fear for the fate of the world.

It will be a short war, according to Mr. Borden, measured in weeks or even days. Its primary and conclusive weapons will be atomic warheads carried by intercontinental rockets under radio control that can cross three or four thousand miles over the polar seas in an hour. The only defense would be instant retaliation from stockpiles, emplacements, and armed forces already in being and alert to act within minutes. There will be no time to organize or transport armies or munitions, or to produce them by war industry. Totalitarian war is obsolete.

The first objective of the aggressor must be the destruction of the enemy's stockpile of rockets and his launching forts. It would be folly to waste bombs on cities or industries. Once the weaker side exhausted its supply of bombs it would be helpless. There will be no time to make more. Then, failing surrender, cities could be pulverized at leisure or depopulated by biological toxins or radioactive poisons.

The chief purpose of the Navy in Mr. Borden's war will be to provide launching platforms for rockets at widely dispersed and unpredictable locations. Island outposts, he thinks, are of little value because their location would be known and they could easily be eliminated in the first attack. They would be no closer to the target across the "Polar Mediterranean" than any continental spot in the Northern Hemisphere.

—*J. J. Curran Co.*

William Liscum Borden warns that totalitarian war is obsolete and world government our one chance of salvation.

Only a dictator could start such a war because complete surprise is essential. He would precede it by hiding his purpose in good-will propaganda and in minor concessions—not minor aggressions. Therefore, a highly organized espionage system is as vital to defense as a stockpile of bombs. No democracy is likely to start such a war, but the United States is certain to be the first victim of attack. American policy therefore should require a stockpile at least a thousand bombs greater than that of any possible aggressor, a highly organized campaign for the training of a relatively small army of able physicists and engineers, and a superb espionage system. Universal military training, huge ground armies, war industries are obsolete.

In the face of such a war, continues Mr. Borden, a democracy is essentially unsafe. The productive capacity of the United States which has decided the past two wars will count for nothing. The war will not end civilization, nor this world, but it may well end the United States of America.

The only alternative to such a war is a world government equipped with overwhelming force. No charter, no paper agreements, are worth anything; absolute concentration of power in the hands of one government is the only recourse. Even the surrender of part of our sovereignty is meaningless. The first real step towards peace will come "when our first soldier has taken off the American uniform and put on the garb of a world federation, swearing loyalty to its directives even to the point of attacking his own former countrymen."

Such a world government is so distant that Mr. Borden wastes few words upon it. Yet humanity must by all means strive for it. Meanwhile, there can be no doubt that the thinking of World War II must be junked as were the thousands of magnificent but outmoded bombers. What is more, the pursuit of scientific research, the enlistment of many thousands of scientific students in this cause, and a wide popular conviction that the next war will be won by them, are vital. For, unless the war comes soon, even atomic bombs and long range rockets may be obsolete. Only dominant leadership in science will avail in a world of anarchic nations.

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Relocation City, Arizona

CITY IN THE SUN. By Karon Kehoe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1946. 269 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MINÉ OKUBO

THE bombing of Pearl Harbor put the United States into the war and the bigots in California into action. Once again they stirred up the prejudice and hate which a couple of decades before had caused the passing of the Oriental Exclusion Acts and the Alien Land Law, which deprived any person born in Japan of the right to become a citizen of the United States and of owning land in the State of California.

Neighboring states took up the clamor in California and demanded the removal of all persons of Japanese descent. The demands reached the national capital and the Army took over. In the Western Defense Command, arrests and detention of enemy aliens were made, restricted areas were prescribed, and in the spring of 1942 the wholesale evacuation of all citizens and aliens of Japanese ancestry took place. Under Army supervision they were herded into converted, well-guarded racetracks and fairgrounds. The care of these 110,000 men, women, and children was then turned over to civilian hands—the War Relocation Authority.

Permanent camps were hastily constructed in the most Godforsaken areas in Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Arkansas, and Arizona to the amazement of the snakes, scorpions, Gila monsters, crickets, and the few Indians who existed in the regions—and to the complaints of the GI's and carpenters who broiled in the hot sun to build the hundreds of tarpaper barracks. Maricopa (or Poston) became the fourth largest city in Arizona when its 20,000 evacuees moved in. "City in the Sun" is the story of this relocation center and the people who lived there.

As I read the book, I relived vividly my whole evacuation experience, my six months in the Tanforan racetrack and my sixteen months in the Topaz, Utah, Relocation Center. Parts of the story made me cry, parts made me chuckle, and parts made me howl with delighted recognition of center types and parallel situations.

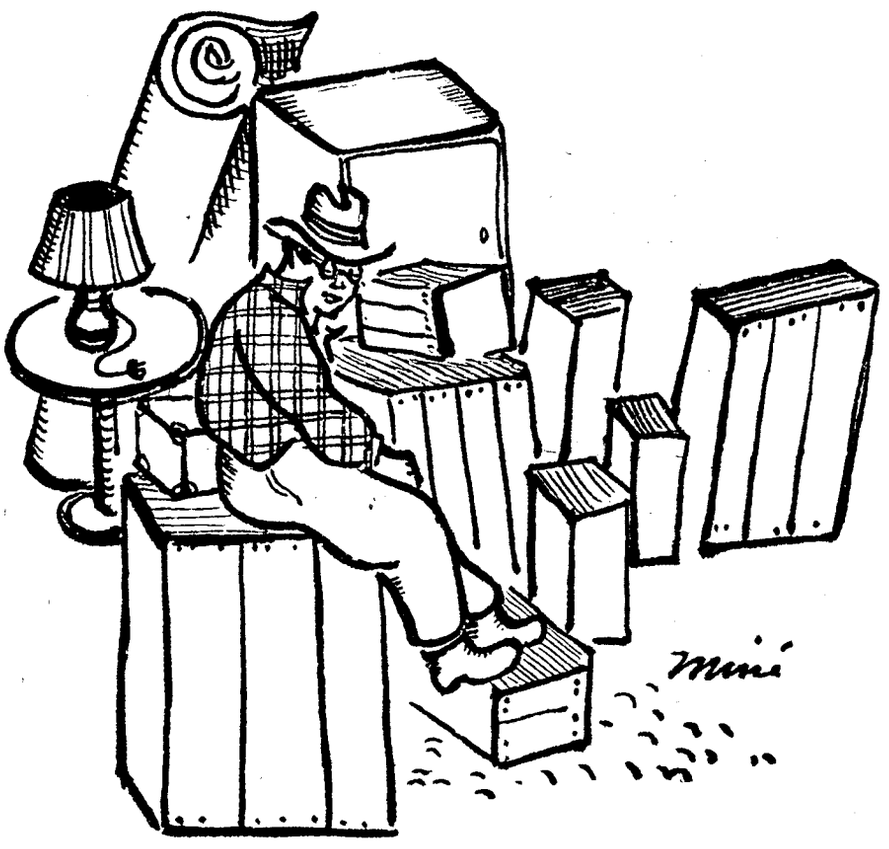
The story revolves about a middle-class Japanese-American family, the Matsukis, who are caught by the evacuation: Katsuji, the dignified and able father, who is a YMCA secretary; Tsuyo, the gentle, understanding, and patient mother; and Hiroto, or "Coke," their energetic, imaginative, fun-loving son. The day of Pearl Harbor, the father is arrested and whisked away to an internment camp, and Coke and his mother are left alone to face the humiliation of having their home terrorized and ransacked by local citizens impersonating deputies and FBI agents. Through the confusion of evacuation their one salvation is their Caucasian friend, Laura, who helps them through their many difficulties.

Miss Kehoe portrays the hardships and the loneliness of Coke's mother in camp and the boy's tragic drifting away from family ties to get mixed up with a group of camp hoodlums. The father eventually returns as a parolee and is elected Central Block Manager, in which position his faith in the country of his adoption, despite the injustice of evacuation helps ease the evacuees' mounting tensions.

Miss Kehoe understands the people and brings out well the contrasting traits of the two generations, the Issei and Nisei, to make the reader realize that the problems which confronted the Issei were far more complex than those of the Nisei. The Issei in their struggle for a place in this country had experienced great prejudice and discrimination, yet in their love for their American-born children had tried to the best of their knowledge to live the ways of those American children. That they were not citizens was not their fault. Like most American immigrants, they were honest and hardworking people seeking security and a better way of life for their children. Yet they were consistently pushed outside the main stream of American life. To answer a supposedly simple question on loyalty was a $64 question even before the confusion and misunderstanding in the camps, when the Army came asking for combat volunteers at the same time as the WRA was asking everyone to record his loyalty in the process known as "registration."

The Caucasian personnel also had their troubles, Miss Kehoe indicates. (She was herself on the staff at Gila Relocation Center.) They lived in a separate area in the same camp, with better living facilities, and with good wages for their services, but the hot sun, dust, insects, and monotony lay heavily on them, too. However, whenever they caught the dread "Maricopa fever," they went out of the camp or took to the bottle. Both these cures were forbidden the evacuee inmates. The author's picture of the Caucasian personnel is not exaggerated. Government inefficiency, as the evacuees experienced it, was caused by the divided interests among those in charge, the high rate of turnover of personnel who could not "take" camp life for long, the lack of supplies, and the abundance of red tape.

Miss Kehoe's story describes an unhappy episode but it is not lacking in humor, even to one who must relive



—Drawn by Miné Okubo at Topaz Relocation Center.

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painful evacuation experiences in the reading. The author has captured astonishingly well the spirit of hopelessness in people who tried desperately, despite the discomforts, to be active and progressive. I was continually impressed with her ability to identify herself with the evacuees. She has incorporated into her novel an immense amount of documentary material, yet kept it always alive and real. The reader must read below the surface to plumb the true significance to America of the evacuation of this one minority group.

Miné Okubo, author of "Citizen 13660," was art editor of Topaz Relocation Center's Trek *until* Fortune *talent scouts secured her release. Much of her work has since appeared in* SRL.

White World

MRS. MIKE. By Benedict and Nancy Freedman. New York: Coward-McCann. 1947. 312 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by NANCY G. CHAIKIN

THIS is an account of the hardships of life in cold northern Canada, as it is led there by Kathy, an Irish girl from Boston, and her Mountie husband, Mike. In this strange white world, Kathy comes to know and love the natives of that territory, and to fight nature as it appears in the form of bears, wolves, forest fires, and disease. She learns, too, that it is the great North which claims her, that she cannot ever again fit, for love of her husband and all his life stands for, into the trivial affairs of Boston. Tragedy looms constantly on her horizon, but it is this very tragedy which teaches her the dearness and the vastness of her life with Mike.

The charm of this book lies in the simple and refreshing way in which it deals with its love story, scattering bits of Irish and Indian lore as it goes. But this charm is frequently mutilated by the authors' grim affinity to hyper-realism. Mr. and Mrs. Freedman have flooded their novel with mauled men, burned bodies, blood-curdling spectacles which lack artistic subtlety in any form and stand out like so many sore thumbs in a book which should have been essentially charming. While the grimmer aspects are indispensable to the conclusions, they would have been much more effective and natural had they been less frequent, possibly less graphic. It is impossible not to feel that the authors were being torn between at least two perfectly good, but entirely incompatible, literary traditions.

The first works available in English
by the most talked-about writer in France

Jean-Paul Sartre

NO EXIT
(HUIS-CLOS)

and

THE FLIES
(LES MOUCHES)

Translated from the French by STUART GILBERT

"Everyone interested in modern drama, modern literature, or modern ideas might well read this book. For all the talk about French Existentialism, it is the first book by the leader of the movement to appear in America. It consists of two extraordinary plays."
—ERIC BENTLEY, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

No Exit is a modern morality play. Its three principal characters are representative contemporary human beings, each of whom is condemned to a new kind of hell because of a crime against simple humanity. The swelling climax of the play arises from their separate discoveries of each other and of the way in which their sins are to be punished.

The Flies, a retelling in modern idiom (but not modern dress) of the Orestes-Electra story, has been called by Eric Bentley "a political drama of resistance to tyranny, of belief in freedom." By its moving scenes and thrilling denouement Sartre indicates his prescription for the mortal psychological ailments of just such modern men and women as the characters in *No Exit*. *The Flies*, like *No Exit*, has proved wholly stageworthy. Both are certain to be among the most discussed of modern dramas for years to come.

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on sale at all bookshops for $2.50 and published
in New York by ALFRED · A · KNOPF

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Seeing Things

INHOSPITALITY HALL

THE father of a friend of mine, though the happiest of married men, used to begin his days in a way surprising to his wife and children. Like many another voiceless mortal, he was converted into a songbird by his tub. The mere sight of tiles and a medicine chest was enough to buttress his musical courage. The locked door helped, too. Once the bolt was turned, he would erupt into what was his individual notion of a melody. I say *a* melody because one song and one song only ever tempted him. He was more inclined to rend this than to render it. While splashing, he would tear it note from note. His fidelity to this single number was so jubilant that from it his vocal cords never strayed.

What the psychiatrists would have deduced from his program-building, I tremble to think. I know only that they would have squandered their subtleties. They would have been dredging a desert. My friend's father was not only the most contented of males, conjugally. He was also the least complex of bipeds. He just happened to be a "character" as well as a husband. Perhaps that is why it amused him to start each morning by bellowing blissfully:

Will someone kindly tell me,
Will someone answer why?
To me it is a riddle
And it will be till I die.
A million peaches round me,
Yet I would like to know,
Why I picked a lemon in the garden of love
Where they say only peaches grow.†

† *Copyright 1906 by M. Witmark & Sons. Used by permission.*

Had Walter Craig, the husband in "Craig's Wife,"* taken to his tub each morning to shout this same un-Chesterfieldian ditty, he would not have been joking. He *did* pick a lemon in the garden of love; a woman so citrine that the mere realization she is not an uncommon type is enough to pucker the lips of husbands and children everywhere.

Since George Kelly first wrote of her twenty-two years ago, Mrs. Craig has, of course, passed into the language. Her name, like Babbitt's, has become a byword. Inasmuch as it brands a whole genus, it affords a conversational short-cut. Merely to mention it is to summon an immediate image of a kind of wife and hence create a no less instantaneous pity for her husband.

It is not often in a theatre that a match thrown on the floor, a cigarette lighted in a living-room, or a man hurling his wife's most prized vase into the fireplace can cause an audience to cheer and applaud as if the Marines had just landed or Desperate Desmond been foiled. Yet this is what still happens at every performance of Mr. Kelly's play. Doubtless it will keep on happening whenever it is revived in the future. At least it will so long as theatregoers—young and old—recognize in Mr. Kelly's central figure a tyrant known to them at home.

It is not without significance that most of us, who would have said we remember "Craig's Wife" well, had forgotten the off-stage murder story it includes. We had forgotten, too, that Mrs. Craig is, among other things, a liar; an intentional non-deliverer of important telephone messages; a breaker-up of romances; and a person ready to believe the worst of everyone. When we thought of her (which we did every time we were confronted with someone like her), it was always in terms of her housekeeping, of her lack of hospitality, and of the hell she had managed to make of her well-staffed, comfortable home. Even now, having just become re-acquainted with her, we are apt to lose sight of her other meannesses. It is only as a symbol of what a woman should not be in her own house that Mrs. Craig haunts us. But that is enough. For, as an archetype, Mrs. Craig is no picayune achievement.

Ben Jonson once insisted that

. . . when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confluctions, all to run one way,
This may be truly said to be a humor.

Mrs. Craig is a woman with a "humor." Her obsession is her home, and her home is her undoing. She wants it as a bulwark of security; as a fortress against life. It is her one passion, her sole cause, the center of her interest, the release of her energies. She desires it for herself alone, and is even jealous of her husband's presence in it.

—*Talbot.*

The audience inevitably cheers the unhappy ending of "Craig's Wife"—recognizing Mrs. Craig's punishment fits "her crime."

UNTIL we came to know Mrs. Craig (and those like her), we were willing to believe that cleanliness was next to godliness. But there are demon housekeepers who are eloquent advocates for the opposition. They persuade us that dirt, dust, and disorder are the greatest blessings known to man. One glimpse of the temples to tidiness into which they can turn their homes, and we want to unhinge their doors, drop ashes on their carpets, track their rugs with mud, ring their tables, burn their dusters, break their brooms, stomp on their vacuum cleaners, pie their beds, and scatter both them and their garbage.

Unlike Eddie Guest, Mrs. Craig believes it takes a heap o' dustin' to make a home. Everything in her house shines—but for no purpose. If she has a doormat, it reads "Unwelcome." She does not endorse the Open Door policy. She is proud of being a Bad Neighbor. She is that final kind of isolationist—a person who lives for, and only inside, her own four walls. She wants her home not to have people in but to keep them out. Her comfort spells everyone else's discomfort.

All her animation is centered on inanimate objects. So is her affection. Her heart is as cool as her Kelvinator. She has separated her husband from his friends. She never enter-

CRAIG'S WIFE, a play by George Kelly. Staged by Mr. Kelly. Setting by Stewart Chaney. Presented by Gant Gaither. With a cast including Judith Evelyn, Philip Ober, Viola Roache, Kathleen Comegy's, Virginia Hammond etc. At the Playhouse.

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tains. She has become positively satanic on the subject of sapolio. Although she dresses well, and thinks of herself as a stylish, knowledgeable woman, she has dwindled spiritually into a domestic White Wing who, with dustcloth and hearth-broom, is always following her servants around, redoing what they have done.

What is notable about Mr. Kelly's portrait is the way in which Mrs. Craig manages to remain an individual even while she suggests a type. Here and there she gathers up, as if with a duster, this or that recognizable aspect of women we have all known and whose phobias we have lamented. Men, who can be born enemies of neatness, at once spot in her an enemy. So do gracious women blessed with the joy of living and a love for people. I mean women who are alchemists at home-making rather than those pitiable misfits who are house-broken.

Architects, like most of us, tend to nourish themselves on illusions. Their firm belief is that they "build" homes. They forget that what is not included in their blueprints is the people who, by living in their houses or by visiting them, must ultimately make them homes.

No house with Mrs. Craig in it could ever be a home. This is the point and source of interest of Mr. Kelly's play. It is the reason, too, why, though his script today wheezes noticeably at times, spectators even now cheer and applaud every reversal befalling Mrs. Craig. Before God could bless the Craig home, Harriet Craig must be more than damned. She must reform. Her character must be changed. Mr. Kelly, however, has far too much integrity as a realist, to hope for this. His unhappy ending is really happy—because he delights us by letting Mrs. Craig's punishment fit her crime.

To see "Craig's Wife" again and to think of this season's "The Fatal Weakness" is to realize how much stronger Mr. Kelly's earlier play is than his latest. Both scripts suffer from garrulity. Both are written externally. Both are less tightly planned than they need to be. Yet in "Craig's Wife," Mr. Kelly had something to say, where in "The Fatal Weakness" he appears to have had nothing in particular on his mind. What is more, he took off his gloves to drive his points home. He was definitely in training, and pulled no punches.

The proof of the present revival's effectiveness is the way in which, in most respects, it succeeds in supplanting the memory of the original production. Vivid theatrical recollections die hard. Playgoers can be stubbornly faithful to first impressions. Chrystal

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Herne's Mrs. Craig was an extraordinary characterization—cold, driving, merciless. But capable as Miss Herne was, Judith Evelyn manages to sweep into the Craig household and take full possession of it. Her Harriet Craig is more exotic than was Miss Herne's. Neat as she is, there is a suggestion of a George Price drawing about her. She is sinister and slightly ghoulish, in addition to being hard. Hence she lacks Miss Herne's devastating averageness. Nevertheless, Miss Evelyn plays her with such driving intensity, and so much resourcefulness, that she creates a memory of her own.

The others—including Philip Ober as poor, hard-used Mr. Craig; Kathleen Comegys as his aunt; Viola Roache as the housekeeper; and Dortha Duckworth as a maid—are all good. Indeed, only one member of the original cast proves irreplaceable. This is Josephine Hull who used to wander in, breathlessly and smilingly, as the neighbor laden with unwelcome roses. As is her wont, Miss Hull was so perfect that perhaps Virginia Hammond should not be blamed too severely if her Mrs. Frazier turns out to be no substitute.

Even so, Mr. Kelly's play holds up much better than a lot of people who were young when it was. Some gray hairs and a few crow's-feet may now and then be visible. Occasional scenes may show, too, signs of that inevitable spread. In Mrs. Craig, however, it can boast a central character who remains both compelling and unaged. Moreover, the chances are that she will continue to prove so until the millennium arrives, and those outfront are no longer able to recognize in her a valid type. Almost everybody knows one Mrs. Craig. And one is more than enough.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

A Fourteenth-Century Hitler

WEB OF LUCIFER. By Maurice Samuel. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1947. 487 pp. $3.

Reviewed by LEO LERMAN

IN writing this novel, Maurice Samuel, whose "The World of Sholom Aleichem" won an Anisfield Award prize in 1944, set himself two basic problems: to build a sustained but fictionized historical narrative which would give the reader a dramatic view of Italy at the turn of the fourteenth century, and to set his hero—young Giacomo Orso (a poor but educated peasant boy)—in a situation which would demonstrate to him (and to the reader) the futility of pursuing false leaders. It is Mr. Samuel's purpose to show you how morality is ambivalent, how a good man is corrupted by evil which seems outwardly to be good. "Web of Lucifer" is, obviously, the Hitler story, but this Hitler lived some four hundred years ago and his name was Cesare Borgia. The parallel which Mr. Samuel intends is apparent on almost the very first page of his book.

"Web of Lucifer" is a novel which holds the reader's attention because Mr. Samuel has handled his historical background so expertly. He uses numerous chronicles, diaries, letters, but never oppresses the reader with them. His re-creation of the period and many of its leading personages is excellent historically and fictionally. Its central character, however, is overdrawn. Mr. Samuel is so eager for you to realize that purity can be corrupted by very positive evil (and that no matter how many it corrupts there is still hope as long as there are good people who believe only in spiritual good), that he doesn't permit his hero to miss a single point of spiritual contamination. Giacomo has to lust, brawl, murder, fornicate, covet, abet murder. Unfortunately he also has to go through rather strenuous psychological mutations which are quite credible in this over-analyzed era but somewhat phoney viewed from the Renaissance vantage point. I do not mean that character and its evolution differed basically then, but how it was explained—the approach to it was different. Mr. Samuel is also so intent on showing the inside workings of Cesare Borgia's dictatorship that he almost has to multiply his hero to keep him in the very best seat or in the arena itself all the time. This book needed to be shaped more adroitly, but "Web of Lucifer," despite its inadequacies, is a novel of unique scholarship. It is also that unusual achievement—a readable didactic, historical novel creatively concerned with humanity's spiritual and political problems.

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Il Penseroso

A JOURNEY TO THE INTERIOR. By P. H. Newby. New York: Doubleday and Co. 1946. 276 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

MR. NEWBY'S novel is set somewhere in the near East, and it is characteristic of the book that, despite reference to a sultan, to the Arabic tongue, and the salutation "effendi," I cannot say exactly where that setting is. The real stuff of his book is awareness, the keen, even painful awareness of the central figure. It reminds me very much of some of the books of D. H. Lawrence, from which I came away with the impression that I knew the characters by what went on deep within the black privacy of consciousness, but that I should never recognize them if they came walking physically into a room and spoke to me. So it is with Winter, the man of this book, a strange, ambiguous, almost anonymous figure.

I am not certain that Mr. Newby had a consistent view of Winter all the way through, for he says of him three-fourths of the way toward the end: "Winter was a simple man. He was no subtle thinker. He was not a brooder." This is astonishing to read, for whatever Winter is he is not a simple man. He is a subtle thinker. He is a brooder. The whole book is composed of his brooding and thinking—on his vague and unformulated past, on the character, and the meaning of the character, of everyone he meets, on the angle of moonlight on the desert, on the slowly decomposing skeleton of a buffalo, on everything that appears to pierce the curtain of his own guarded personality. Sentience is his disease. It pours from him helplessly and it sicklies them quite over with the pale cast of thought.

Its sickening effect upon him is apparent. There is one moment at the end, for example, when Winter and a native boy of whom he is very fond are alone in a remote stretch of desert. A shot rings out and the boy is killed, a bullet through his spine. The next sentence is: "Winter felt a spasm of acute annoyance"—and there is the man and his history, defined. Winter is a sort of clinical example of the stultifying effect of unbridled introspection. The best parts of the book are his frequent flashes of inspired observation; the rest is his vague struggle to keep his head above the waters of conscious and necessary living. If it is difficult to follow him with unflagging interest—that is a natural result of his whole conception.

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Listening

AN ACADEMY PROPOSAL

ONE subject you will never hear discussed among the prosperous commercial radio practitioners is the Art of Radio. And you will range far among the teachers, the theoreticians, and the critics without hearing a sensible and responsible discussion of the Business of Broadcasting.

There is, unfortunately, a wide schism between those two powerful and at present antagonistic segments of the industry. Until that breach is healed, the broadcasters will resist even the most constructive of outside criticism, and the critics will continue to abhor commercialism in general, which amounts to a rejection, not only of specific programs, but of the entire American system. In no other field of entertainment can there be found such vigorous dogmatism.

All of which is a preamble to the statement that now that it has passed into its second quarter-century of existence, radio certainly needs, and patently merits, a monument to whatever lasting values it has created for itself. Such a perpetuation is necessary if present suicidal business practices are ever to be weeded out and if the left-bankishness of its artisans is ever to be directed to concrete attainments. An institute is suggested, a permanent body whose functions might best be defined by the name Academy of Radio Arts and Sciences.

The idea of an academy is not new. Norman Corwin devoted considerable time and effort to the establishment of such a body in 1944 and 1945. His plans, though, went awry when he solicited the aid of the National Association of Broadcasters. That very active and worthy trade organization felt that the functions of an academy could best be undertaken by itself, and that the establishment of another body, no matter how august, would only complicate the situation.

That thesis rests on a fundamental fallacy. For the objectives of a trade organization should be the daily bulwarking of business against the ebbing and flowing tides of circumstance, opinion, and affairs. The executives of the NAB would be defeating their own ends were they to divide their attention between the eternal and the temporal. On the other hand, the functions of an academy would be hindered were it too closely concerned with the day-by-day course of events in the broadcasting field.

Such an academy should not concern itself with matters of trade regulation, legislation, and transient public relations. An academy should provide, instead, a meeting place for thinking men and women whose interest in radio is academic rather than practical. Social scientists, editors, writers, philosophers, psychologists, statesmen—there are many of them in this country who occupy themselves from time to time with the contemplation of the broader psychological and sociological implications of radio.

Today, as matters stand, there is no way for the results of their training and thinking to be canalized into the industry where good use might be made of their efforts. True, much of their work is too purely abstract to have any practical application at any given moment, but its compilation into a permanent body of reports and integrated documentation would provide radio professionals of the future with more accurate charts for the navigation of the shoals of public manners, morals, and tastes.

Considerable material is finding publication today which has interest as well as pertinence in this field, but it is appearing in obscure quarterlies and specialized learned journals. There is, in radio, no medium where the business man and the philosopher can meet on common ground and where the scientist and the artist can exchange views and conclusions. Such a journal, besides serving as a clearing house for important papers on interesting and new facets of the industry, would be a useful forum for discussion of the problem of training the broadcasters of tomorrow.

EACH year finds a greater number of schools and universities instituting courses in radio-broadcasting. From a course in radio acting, introduced into the curriculum of their speech departments a decade ago, most of the larger colleges have now expanded to full four-year courses which attempt to teach the student something about every phase of the industry. In many cases, the university owns a radio station which even competes to a modest degree with commercial broadcasting in its area.

With all due respect to the integrity and the intentions of the professors of broadcasting in these courses, it must be said that they are so far removed from the actualities of radio that they teach little of practical value. Yet in greater and greater numbers the graduates of these courses are finding their way into the industry. Would there not be great investment value in organizing a channel through which today's broadcasters could help direct

"Cut out the dramatics, dear, the wind stopped blowing ten minutes ago."

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the training of those who will follow after them? Some academy engaging the efforts of both the broadcaster and the scholar, which would have the respect of students as well as advertisers, to which the neophytes of radio could turn for guidance, wisdom, and an operating philosophy, to say nothing of a set of standards of teaching?

Among the United Nations, to turn to another phase of the problem, the United States speaks with a vigorous voice. The programs being beamed to the rest of the world by the International Broadcasting Division of the Department of State are, in many cases, the actual implements of our foreign policy. They attempt to explain to the average listener overseas, in dramatic radio terms, the reasons behind the news, the background of events, and the goals toward which we are working. And we are not alone in this field. The competition for listener attention is as vigorous in the international field as in any city in the country entered by the four networks. There are fifty-five nations engaged in this battle for listeners.

In this situation, the entire industry is at stake. The merit of the American system of radio is under scrutiny by the rest of the world, and yet there exists no formal liaison through which the best talents in the country can be placed at the service of the nation. A committee of an academy, embracing the efforts not only of broadcasters, but of professionals in the field of international relations, could do much toward the proper accomplishment of the obvious objectives in this short-wave operation.

And so it goes—publications, studies, the giving of prizes, there is no area of endeavor within the field of broadcasting which would not benefit greatly by the establishment of an academy-like body to harness the know-how of commercial radio with the know-what of competent observers and scientists.

And yet the task is for the industry, not for the scholars. Scholasticism is a means, not an end. The end is the perpetuation of the American system as we know it and enjoy it in our homes, listening. The means should be systematic and sober self-analysis with the object of perpetuating that which is good, and thinning out obsolete attitudes which stem from too fragile a knowledge of the Thing in Itself. It would be useless for the theoreticians to attempt to organize such an undertaking, no matter how acutely they are conscious of the need for it. But the practical workers, the broadcasters, will know how to shape it to their purposes once the project is assured.

ALBERT N. WILLIAMS.

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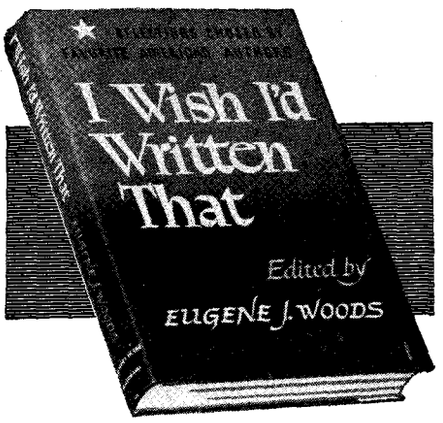

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WHITTLESEY HOUSE

NOTES OF AN INTERNATIONAL MEDDLER

(*Continued from page 9*)

more. Tojo and Yamashita could have been deeply impressed in New Mexico. No, the atom bomb, in the parlance of diplomacy, was dropped upon Russia, and the Russians know it. If we had thought it important enough at Yalta to map joint strategy for the defeat of Japan, with Russia scheduled to come into the war in the Far East by August 8—or ninety days after victory in Europe—why did we not think it was important to let Russia know at least a brief period before that date of the knockout we were about to administer? Was our failure to let her know, our determination to proceed, though Japan was ready to quit, directly related to the fact that by horrible example in Japan we sought to serve frightful warning upon possible Russian postwar ambitions in Europe and Asia?

Thus, before World War II was concluded, true to tradition, diplomacy had embarked on World War III. The atomic bomb did more than end a war; it may have marked the beginning of a new one, just as the deployment of the fleet in the Dardanelles at the time of the Greek elections was engagement two.

How can we in good conscience call for the renunciation of the atomic weapon as a crime against humanity when in the name only of *expediency* we used it against residential cities without warning. I have read carefully the legalistic document of Mr. Stimson attempting to justify the use of the bomb, but it only underlines everything that I have said. Admiral Halsey and others have confirmed the fact that the war was virtually won and that there was not even military justification for its use. What an opportunity for World Peace we threw away by not setting the first example in restraint! What a towering obstacle we put in the way of atomic control when we released its cataclysmic force into a moral vacuum.

BUT this is not the only vacuum; indeed, the vacuum has become almost a symbol of our foreign policy. We have vast armies in a strategic vacuum; criminals, by our own law, if they advance, and suckers—forever having fought to get there—if they withdraw. Our rivals can sardonically try our patience, on the chance that the burden of continued occupation and armament will, in the end, enable them to communize us peacefully. Checkmated in that, they can choose the time, the place, and the weapons—the odds favoring the aggressor. Our only satisfaction will be that the losers will be hanged.

Now that peace conferences have been resumed, conspicuous by their absence are the vanquished—new vacuums, exclusive, uncivilized, and unenlightened. However frightful the provocation, peace will be signed under duress; the terms, new frontiers, deportation, reparation, and colonies appropriated, accomplished facts. This is what the diplomats call a treaty but what the common man has come to regard, not without reason, as selfish maneuvering for position in new war. Traditionally, it will be he, not the error-makers, who will pay the price.

It has always been as obvious, as it is now, that to crush Germany was to leave a still more serious European problem. Belatedly, and muddledly, our policy-makers seem to have reached the same conclusion, for already the *Wall Street Journal* reports, "Grooming Germany for industrial revival is latest foreign policy wrinkle." Is it any wonder that Europe is groggy? Is it any wonder that we now start from a basis for settlement of Europe's problems vastly worse than we faced in 1916 or in 1939—that Italy and France—even England—are turning more and more toward Russia?

It is still not too late to take counsel from certain English statesmen far more schooled in European politics.

Lord Lothian, addressing the House of Lords in 1937, explained why war in Europe was the normal thing. "The fundamental reason . . . is the fact that today it is divided into twenty-

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six sovereign states. The difficulties of Europe today are far greater than they were in 1914. Then there were seventeen sovereign states. . . . The only possible cause we would be fighting for would be to maintain the anarchy of Europe . . . the dispassionate historian a hundred years hence will say not that Germany alone was responsible for it, even if she strikes the first blow, but that those who mismanaged the world between 1918 and 1937 had a large share of responsibility for it."

I know what Lord Lothian was talking about, for I not long ago returned from the intricacies of the customs, the immigration, and the exchange controls of France and England. Rather than go through twenty-six of them, I would return to isolationism.

If it is our desire to step into the hot seat of the British Empire, to continue and expand Power Politics, the world would have more respect for us if we were as honest and frank about it as was Churchill when at a Chicago forum back in 1938, in answer to a question why Britain had turned her back on France when Hitler marched into the Rhineland, he replied: "Britain's policy has always been to support the second-strongest power on the Continent." All we can say to Churchill now, is: Look where it got you!

DURING my recent European journey, when I questioned the wisdom of post-war Yankee bluster, the words were continually dinned into my ears by those who did not want war, yet wanted us to run the risk of provoking it, "Russia is too tired to fight." I was sufficiently unsure of it with our fleet "making passes," and Russia strong enough to take the Channel Ports within a few days, to be glad when my foot got back on American soil; nor could I help but give some consideration to the expense in money and heartbreak of permanently garrisoning Europe under an ever-increasing tempo of bluff and counterbluff.

Muscling for diplomatic advantage in the labyrinthine corridors of Europe is on the same moral plane, but of course far more dangerous, than were the competitive tactics of Standard Oil in the last century. Economic pressures beget reprisal just as the snick of a gun in a mountain feud is as unpleasantly echoed. Russia and the rest of us can abjure these anachronisms just as certainly as New England has ceased witch hunting, as our dandies have given up dueling, as some day we will stop lynchings.

Continued reliance upon diplomacy and intimidation, besides being costly and dangerous, hazards one day be-

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This is the story of:

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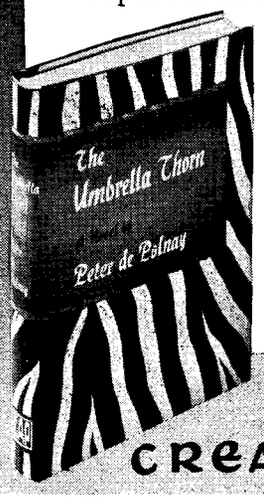

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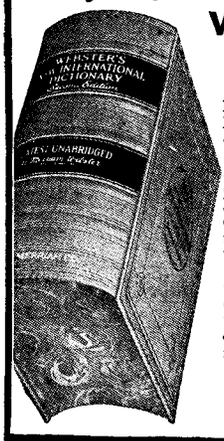

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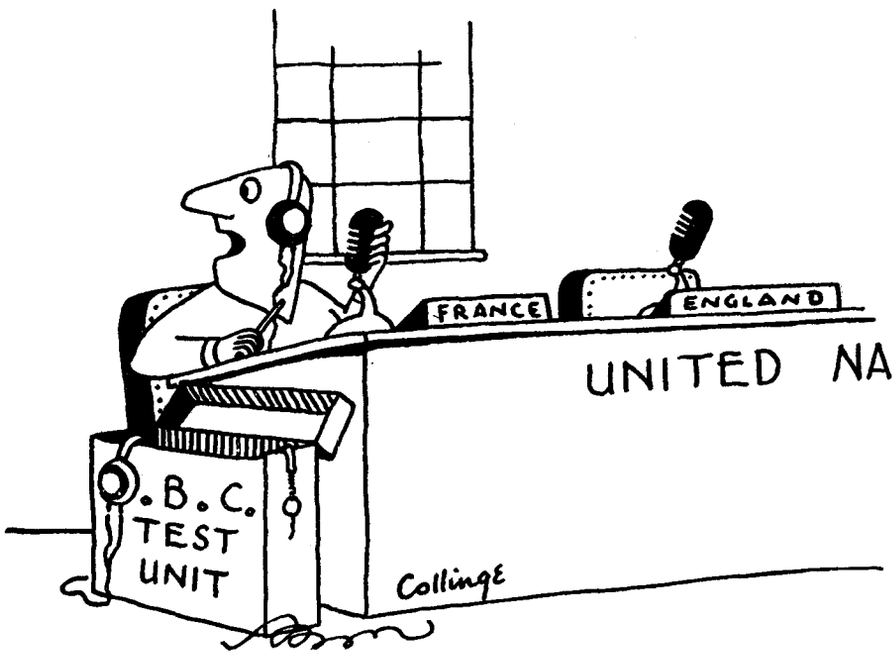
ing weakest, or being so regarded. Russia and Britain are as capable of seeing this as ourselves.

THIS brings us back to the third and sole rational possibility: simply, the application of integrity and common sense. The establishment of arbitration and law between nations can be achieved, just as it can between capital and labor, just as it has been between individuals and corporations. But first, our agents will have to start representing the people instead of themselves. In view of false promises, unpopular, even vote-losing concessions may have to be made to other nations, but they can still be made and leave us better off than if they are not made. We need give up no more sovereignty than I do when I stop my car for someone to cross the road.

The popular place to start is disarmament, *but the vigilantes did not lay down their guns until law was first established.* An atomic treaty accomplishes nothing with great *or small* armies facing each other in Europe, for the moment they clash the treaty expires, if it has not already surreptitiously been broken. Obviously, then, disarmament can only follow or coincide with a mutually satisfactory solution of major issues. Equally obvious is the fact that a settlement, though satisfactory in a narrow Russo-American view, can be highly unsatisfactory in the European or world view. Here, then, as in labor-capital disputes, the agencies for arbitration cannot be subjected to coercion by the parties in interest. As much as possible, decisions should be regional in character. Perhaps, we should have as little (or as much) to say in Europe, under law, as Europe has to say here.

That great principle of jurisprudence that a man shall be judged only by his peers, can be applied in principle to international problems of security. It has served throughout the centuries to give the accused, or threatened, a security if he is innocent, and a just penalty if he is guilty, which has proven unimpeachable. The detail of the method of selection of such a jury is only detail if each nation approaches it seeking justice, *not advantage.* Perhaps, initially, this Court should have authority only to make findings of aggression, or threatened aggression, and to announce its findings. Such a Court's usefulness, once its integrity were established and its worth to the world proven, could gradually be expanded with the cooperation of all.

Law within nations evolved slowly. It began with the simplest guarantees of property and persons. When it overreached itself, the tribe rebelled. It follows, then, that I am now talking about issues of national security and their arbitration, not international issues which might infringe upon our property rights either as nations or individuals. The Court I propose would have no power to take our milk and put it on another's doorstep. When we yield to the law, domestically, on issues of security, we fully reserve, yes strengthen, our property rights—our personal sovereignty under the Constitution. I do not relish a higher authority to our American Congress even on the broadest question beyond our borders, any more than would our Founders, but



"Hey, Joe, how do you say 'woof' in French?"

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less do I like war. If we are to escape war it seems that we must make some lesser sacrifice.

If Washington and Lothian lived today, they would be among the first to suggest an intelligent participation in Europe's and Asia's problems. They would be as generous as every American is in his desire to help less fortunate peoples, materially and morally. On the record, such isolationists would seem more likely to bring law to the area beyond our borders than those who would carry it by the sword.

BY divine accident there is one ray of hope in our own past excesses: the establishment of the principle—needed by candidates for re-election—that the losing leaders in war are the aggressors—hence criminals; a principle that should go half way in abolishing war, perhaps a little more than half.

Why stop there? Why wait until the world is all but destroyed before extending the principle of individual guilt all the way? Why not recognize that the very basis of law is the direct responsibility of the individual to an impartial higher authority? Tremendous danger would be involved in any attempt to establish and operate the machinery of such law bearing on the individual unless it were clearly impartial, just as our own courts would be overthrown if their integrity were questioned. There are those who say that Russia would never cooperate in such an arrangement. That I do not for a moment believe.

Even so, if world opinion will make it crystal clear that next time the winners as well as the losers among those big men who resort to war to settle national differences will be judged by a pre-established neutral Court, or Jury, non-packable and uncoercible, a further long step toward world security will have been taken. For, should any power-mad aggressor aspire to, or indeed attain, world conquest, he would know that the common man, even if only one were left, would be charged with the responsibility for carrying out the court's verdict.

There is nothing in anything which I have said which advocates abandoning Britain—nothing which suggests withdrawing prematurely from Europe, or appeasing Russia; nothing difficult or impossible; certainly nothing

remotely approaching the agonies of war. All I am trying to say is STOP KIDDING OURSELVES. Peace, like love, is not a unilateral arrangement. Neither can ever be attained by one who thinks only of himself.

Unless American public opinion frankly seeks world empire and is prepared to move immediately, pay the price, and run the risk, our only hope is to insist upon a complete reorientation of our foreign policy toward influence and example instead of secret diplomacy and force.

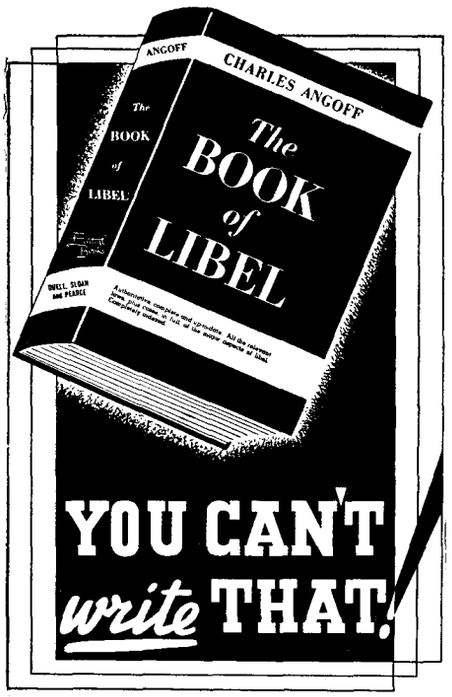
Midwest

By John Frederick Nims

INDIANA: no blustering summit or coarse gorge;
No flora lurid as disaster-flares;
No great vacuities where tourists gape
Nor mountains hoarding their height like millionaires.
More delicate: the ten-foot knolls
Give flavor of hill to Indiana souls.

Topography is perfect, curio-size;
Deft as landscape in museum cases.
What is beautiful is friendly and underfoot,
Not flaunted like theater-curtains in our faces.
No peak or jungle obscures the blue sky;
Our land rides smoothly in the youngest eye.

Man is the prominent fauna of our state.
Elsewhere circus creatures stomp and leer
With heads like crags or clumps. But delirious nature
Once in a lucid interval sobering here
Left (repenting her extravagant plan)
Conspicuous on our fields the shadow of man.



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FIRST SIGNS OF SPRING

THE first books to appear under the 1947 heading promise a lively and rewarding spring list. Already we have distinction in "The Cow-Tail Switch" and "North Star Shining," and two good stories, well written and interesting, are reviewed below. Some good stories for the older boys and girls will be reviewed in the April number. A paper shortage has cut our space for full reviews; but we are hoping that a brief annotation will prove useful to the homes and schools and public libraries that are obliged by circumstance to select their books without actually seeing them. In the meantime, exciting things are happening in the world that need to be reflected in books for young people. They are listening eagerly to every word broadcast from the expedition to the South Pole. They are emerging as their own reviewers of the books that record the things that most concern them. More and more one sees quotations from "young reviewers" in the publishers' catalogues. In a radio program that is broadcast from New York every Saturday morning the young people have shown an ability to get at the heart of a book that is a challenge to the more experienced critics. Before this number is printed the skunk cabbage, first sign of spring in our part of the country, will be pushing its way out of the half-frozen earth. Spring means change and growth. Perhaps our young people will lead the way to a change and growth so sadly needed.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

NORTH STAR SHINING: A Pictorial History of the American Negro. By Hildegarde Hoyt Swift. Illustrated by Lynd Ward. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1947. 46 *pp.* $2.50.

HILDEGARDE SWIFT has chosen to tell the story of the Negro in America in a rhythmic prose that, on the printed page, looks like blank verse. The record is made up of statements by an individual or a group, each one voicing its part in building up the American ideal of the dignity and freedom of the common man. Opposite each page of text is a striking and dramatic lithograph by Lynd Ward, some in six colors, some in black and white. Both outwardly and to the inner consciousness this is an impressive and moving record. In time, it runs from the coming of the African slaves to America to the winning of the Second World War. The keynote of the book lies, perhaps, in the statement of the slave:

> I built your world, Oh white man,
> but in the building
> It became mine, too.

From words and pictures the Negroes who have had a part in making our history emerge, one by one: Harriet Tubman, Frederick Douglass, Booker T. Washington, George Washington Carver, Roland Hayes, the hero of the Negro boy of today, Joe Louis, and the Negro soldiers who died for democracy in the two world wars. The record as a whole is dedicated to the chaplain of the 549th Post Battalion who was killed in action on Okinawa, whose statement is:

> I died for freedom—for a different world,
> Where men forget to hate and stand as brothers.
> Yellow and white and black together—one.
> I died for you—and you—and you.
> O do not fail me! Build a world united,
> Out of the shadows
> Turning toward the sun.

—*From "North Star Shining."*

Dorie Miller, mess-boy on the *Arizona,* has his own statement, and some of the men who made the final sacrifice in World War II are listed by name. It will be interesting to know how this record will strike young people. The war has done much to clear their vision, and their comparative freedom from prejudice has been confirmed by the emergence of Negroes as poets, scientists, actors, artists, writers, educational leaders, and men who bear the responsibilities of city, state, and national government. No record of the history of the American Negro could be other than disquieting. This one has, at least, beauty and dignity. It has put the whole problem into the cooler and less emotional world of art and literature.

BENGEY AND THE BEAST. By Olaf Baker. Illustrated by Victor J. Dowling. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1947. 243 *pp.* $2.75.

The editors apologize for having reviewed this book last November. We read it in galleys and understood that it was to be published during Children's Book Week. In its final form it is even better than we thought—and said in our review. Victor Dowling's drawings are thoroughly satisfying as illustrations for an unusual and distinguished story.

TRADITION. By Anne Emery. Drawings by Ruth King. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1946. 250 *pp.* $2.50.

An exceptionally good story of the Nisei problem as it affected a group of high-school boys and girls—and their elders—in a small town near Chicago. The tone of the book is one of humor and tolerance, and the people in it are well worth meeting.

STEPHEN, BOY OF THE MOUNTAIN. By Amy Morris Lillie. Illustrated by Nedda Walker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1947. 189 *pp.* $2.50.

The story of a Greek boy who lived in the city of Caesarea Philippi in Palestine in the lifetime of Jesus. He is healed by Jesus and goes with his Negro slave, Nila, to Tyre and then to Capernaum where they meet Nathan of an earlier story by Mrs. Lillie. Both books have freshness, action, and a strong sense of reality. The black-and-white drawings by Nedda Walker are satisfying, but we question the reproduction in color.

THIS IS THE MOON. By Marion B. Cothren. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. New York: Coward-McCann. 1946. 85 *pp.* $2.

This study of the moon and its in-

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fluence upon the people of the earth tells of the myths and superstitions as well as the scientific facts of tides, eclipses, etc. The part that will especially interest young people is a lively description of a trip to the moon in a rocket ship powered by atomic energy. M. C. D.

HENRY MORGAN, PIRATE. By Rosita Forbes. Illustrated by Henry Pitz. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. 240 *pp.* $2.50.

THERE is something about a pirate that appeals to most boys —as Robert Louis Stevenson proved many years ago. In reckless, irresponsible, blood-thirsty, swashbuckling Henry Morgan, Rosita Forbes has a fitting subject. The story opens as Morgan, terror of the Caribbean at the age of thirty-three, is leading his small force in a surprise attack on Puerto Bello. The rich, heavily-fortified Spanish city that had successfully resisted the might of Drake, fell to the fury and the trickery of the pirate band. The story then goes back to Morgan's childhood, giving briefly the background of his amazing career. With the security of a commission as admiral and commander-in-chief granted by the governor of Jamaica, Morgan next captured and looted the fabulously wealthy trading center at Panama. Then came the voyage to London, the mock trial, royal favor, and—as Sir Henry Morgan, if you please—return to his Jamaica plantation to live in comparative peace and quiet for the remainder of his life.

Possibly those who believe that books for children should not deal with harsh realities will disapprove of this biography. Henry Morgan's life was filled with blood and rum, with desperate adventures and fierce conflict. Miss Forbes has chosen, wisely, to paint his life in its true colors. She has told his story well, weaving its fast-moving narrative against a vivid, detailed background. Henry Pitz's illustrations are excellent.

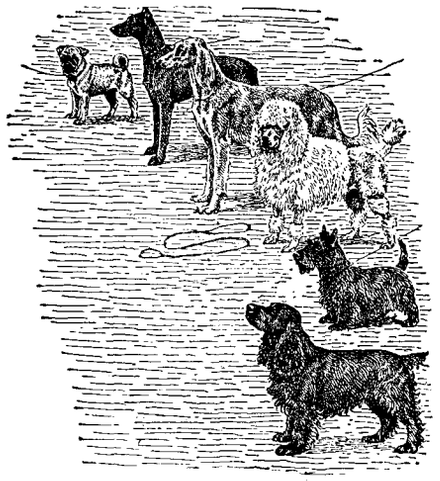
RALPH ADAMS BROWN.

CAVALRY MOUNT. By Fairfax Downey. Illustrated by Paul Brown. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1946. 227 *pp.* $2.50.

Army life on the plains at the close of the Civil War. A story filled with action and drama against an authentic background. For older boys and girls. R. A. B.

THE LION OF BARBARY. By Eleanor Hoffman. Illustrated by Jack Coggins. New York: Holiday House. 1946. 217 *pp.* $2.

An adventure story of a Puritan boy who went to the Barbary Coast to rescue a girl who had been kidnaped by the pirates. Rather improbable in plot and action, it gives a vivid picture of Morocco in this period. R. H.



—*From "Bonny's Boy."*

BLACK SHEEP PATROL. By Stanley Pashko. Illustrated by Frank Rigney. New York: Roy Publishers. 1946. 181 *pp.* $2.50.

A Boy Scout story with plenty of action and interesting, well-developed characters. R. A. B.

FAMOUS AMERICAN GENERALS. By Robert H. Shoemaker and Leonard A. Paris. Illustrated by Constance Joan Naar. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1946. 218 *pp.* $2.50.

Short biographies of eighteen American generals, from George Washington to the leaders of World War II. R. A. B.

BONNY'S BOY. By F. E. Rechnitzer. Illustrated by Marguerite Kirmse. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. 1946. 266 *pp.* $2.

Bonny, a cocker spaniel, belonged to David's brother who was a Navy flyer. When her puppies were born only one lived—and Bonny herself died. David brought the black puppy up "by hand" and in the end Bonny's Boy wins "Best in Show" at Madison Square Garden. A good story with irresistible drawings in black and white of a dog and a boy.

TOMORROW'S CHAMPION. Text and Lithographs by C. W. Anderson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 80 *pp.* $3.

A large book, well designed in black and white, this is an analysis of the breeding and training of thoroughbred race horses. It is especially valuable for the fine lithographs of the colts and their mothers galloping across the fields, lying under the trees, standing quietly as though they were proud to have their portraits made by an outstanding artist.

HIGH STEPPER. By Helen Orr Watson. Illustrated by Manning Lee. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 199 *pp.* $2.

The story of a friendship between a boy and a horse against the colorful background of the Ringling Brothers' Circus.

PLUM DUFFY ADVENTURES. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrated by Marguerite Davis. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 163 *pp.* $2.25.

Plum Duffy is the name of a little cottage on Cape Cod where Jean, Lydia, Mark, their father, and Cousin Mary who keeps house for them spend their summer vacations. The three children are all "characters," completely different and equally interesting. The background of sea and sky and sand-dunes and Cape Cod people is drawn with a humorous and understanding pen. Between the chapters—for good measure—are enchanting little poems. This is a *very* good book for the younger boys and girls.

THE GOLDEN BOWL. By Edith Heal. Illustrated by Marion Cannon. New York: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 1947. 72 *pp.* $1.50.

The Golden Bowl is a French restaurant in New Orleans. Old Peter, who kept it, served only the best food. It was cooked by Frenchy and Fat Anna, and Slim helped him in the kitchen. The heroine of the story, little Marie, helped only on Saturdays, when there was no school. Old Peter made the famous golden sauce for the pudding and served it himself to his favorite patrons. Hard times came to the Golden Bowl. It was Mr. John, the artist, and the old countess who saved it, but it was Marie who "pulled the strings." In both text and pictures this is an interesting story in an unusual setting.

MILO'S NEW WORLD. Story and Pictures by Betty Morgan Bowen. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1947. 180 *pp.* $2.25.

This is the story of a boy from Jugoslavia who came to the United States with a thousand other Europeans as a guest of our government in 1944. It tells of the life in the Fort on Lake Ontario ending with the order, late in 1945, that made these people free to return to their country or to become citizens of the United States. Milo is a strong, happy boy —a natural leader—who is able to

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help the other boys and girls gain a sense of freedom and security. The book is printed in large, clear type with effective black-and-white illustrations.

A COOK BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Irma S. Rombauer. Illustrations by Marion Rombauer Becker. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1946. 243 *pp.* $2.50.

This attractive book begins with a table of measurements, a pictured analysis of the necessary utensils, and a list of terms used by experienced cooks. It gives a series of enticing recipes for everything from cooking cereals and vegetables to candy and sweet sauces. There is a table of weights and measures, suggestions for using "left-overs," a chapter on cooking outdoors, and a full index.

YOUNG FOLK'S COOK BOOK. By Harriet and Laurence Lustig. New York: The Citadel Press. 1946. 32 *pp.* $1.50.

A gay picture book in color with some simple recipes for things that little boys and girls can cook for themselves and eat—safely and with pleasure.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BLOOD OF VINTAGE *Thomas Kyd* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Gentleman farmer and inmate of home for aged plugged with Mannlicher. Rough diamond Phelan invades posh precincts to catch killer.	Phelan's adventures with rich and eccentric suburbanites amusingly chronicled. Plot has interesting ramifications and solution, though slightly strained, is O.K.	Commendable
OVERDUE FOR DEATH *Z. Y. Ross* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.50)	Seattle mgr. for electric razor slain in office. Building janitor and others perish. Secretary "Penny" Ross helps—and hinders—detective Franklin.	Inquisitive gal and her bumptious aunt pulled out of various perilous predicaments by annoyed cops—but Penny really solves tangled case.	Wordy, but good fun
OPERATION HOMICIDE *Elihu Adams* (M. S. Mill: $2.50)	Six murders and one suicide in York State town "solved" by crotchety history prof. Agricola John Ispenwill.	"Aggie" has his moments, and finally drives killer to doom, but gory process of elimination doesn't crown sleuth with many laurels.	Fair
TWO CLUES *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.50)	Introducing California sheriff Bill Eldon, septuagenarian who outsmarts younger experts in "Runaway Blonde" and "Hungry Horse" affairs.	Eldon likable, logical, and believable; plots handled with customary Gardner skill and suspense; second "clue" not so good as opener.	Slick
THE BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS *William Fryer Harvey* (Dutton: $2.50)	Twenty tales of horror, murder, and fantasy; all with British backgrounds; selected from late author's books by Maurice Richardson.	Gracefully written, disturbingly real, delicately horrible, and quietly terrific. Worthy to stand beside masterpieces of M. R. James—whose influence is perceptible.	Excellent collection
THE CURTAIN BETWEEN *Van Siller* (Crime Club: $2.)	Adroitly contrived, accidental deaths about to wreck lives of newly married pair when New York newspaperman Massey steps in.	Terrified bride, bewildered groom, and their bibulous, neurotic friends plunge through tangled and highly-strung plot to totally unexpected solution.	Tempestuous
THE BLACK GOATEE *Constance* and *Gwenyth Little* (Crime Club: $2.)	Elderly visitant to houseful of cockeyed characters fatally bopped. His body vanishes. Amateur 'tec, who "untangles knots like crazy," fumbles through.	Gobs of irresponsible, topical (housing shortage), gory fun; snappy repartee, carefully sprinkled shudders, dubious detecting, and anticlimactic finish.	Quaint

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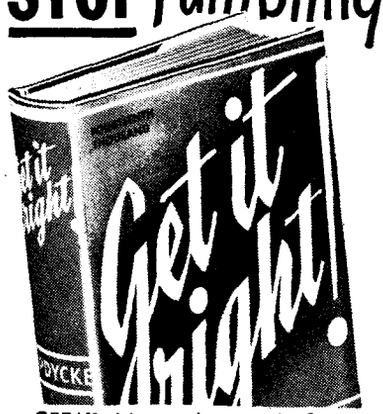

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Lovable Tyrant

AMBITION. By Charles Bonner. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1946. 278 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT PITKIN

JONKIP, I'm not going into a long song and dance about how you should behave yourself,' my father was saying in his cultured, mellow voice, 'just remember you are a gentleman and a gentleman's son'." Jonny Hoyt is about to leave for college when his father thus instructs him; it has not been easy for Pieter Hoyt to set aside the money for the boy's education. Though he is the descendant of a long line of New York bankers — "grandfather had horses with silver trappings"—his own family has to live very sparingly. For Pieter Hoyt has forfeited his career and the money which would have gone with it for his love for a chorus girl. "By gentle and gentlemanly hints my father had managed to inform us that Mother's family was inferior to his own socially."

Among all the variations of the goodhearted Life-with-Father tyrants, Pieter Hoyt is easily one of the most lovable. He is a man of impeccable manners ("a striking figure with the touch of a *boulevardier*"), and his son has known him to "hire a taxi he could ill afford to escort the elderly seamstress through five miles of Brooklyn streets rather than let her go home alone after dark." But Pieter Hoyt is more than just another late-Victorian faddist. The frustration of his professional and social life complicates his inner life in a melancholy way. While all he wants for his son is to prevent him from throwing away his chances, he manages but poorly to conceal his own domestic happiness behind a veil of measured nostalgia for the class he deserted (or has been deserted by), its power and riches. Mr. Bonner handles that situation with much skill and a delicate understanding. The specimens of the monied Hoyts he introduces are somewhat overdone in their vulgarity—unless this author wants us to believe that poverty is the best way to preserve a family's breeding.

Actually, "Ambition" is, to say the least, a very readable, carefully written novel. Mr. Bonner's tender and yet not sentimental descriptions of the difficult gentility of the Pieter Hoyt home and of Jonny's early tribulations are both humorous and moving. The change of times and manners is mirrored with admirable ease. You just grow up with young Hoyt. Or, better, you just grow old with his father.

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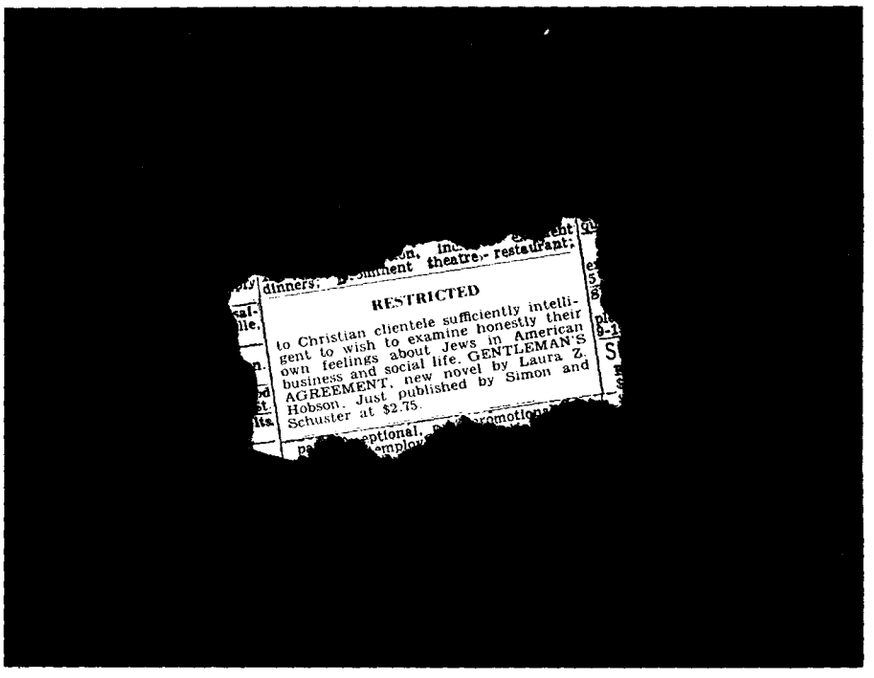
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Gooseflesh and Non Sequiturs

PEOPLE BEHAVE LIKE BALLADS. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 100 *pp.* $2.25.

Reviewed by STARR NELSON

DEEP down in the minds of most native Americans, whether it be under the strata of years or of centuries, the memory of New England village life persists—a sub-stream of national delitescence, so to speak. Whenever a poet with Robert P. Tristram Coffin's appetite for living and his good luck, or good sense, to be indulging it at the core of Yankeedom, decides to stir up these memories in the rest of us—and, thank the Lord, Mr. Coffin makes a habit of it!—the occasion is one for general rejoicing. Mr. Coffin must have had a wonderful time writing these poems in "People Behave Like Ballads," and anybody who doesn't have a wonderful time reading them is still too upset by General Grant's victory to enjoy anything.

First off, Mr. Coffin gives us pictures of some of his—and our—more immediate ancestors and their doings, as seen through the eyes of a small boy whose "Straight World" extended only from the parental rooftree to the white church steeple whereunder on the seventh day he "sat in hymns and thought of a wife." (Incidentally, Mr. Coffin's Yankees are seldom misogynists.) The boy grows, but he never quite grows up, fortunately for us; he retains the pristine clarity of child sight, and as his world expands we go right on being amazed and delighted by the things he sees and tells. Not that anything ever seems farfetched. Contrariwise. The ballads of "Mr. Burns," for instance—these constitute a saga of fundamental truth and universal appeal. "Mr. Burns" would be at home in any language, with or without the rosebud galluses. No, one thing we never do with Robert P. T. Coffin is doubt a word he says. Hens go around Cape Horn dressed in handmade blue serge britches; Sam Wright and his boy Tom, in "Battle of Rams," row a boat in the Harbor all day long and never move it an inch; three sparking suitors end up, bare, in a kettle of mush; Elder Harte gets treed by a coon-dog; Tom Trufant swops his pretty wife for a mare with a Mexican saddle — we know these things happen because we're right there and see them happen. Such undinal goings-on in Mars Brook! For believers in mermaids and for unbelievers, this ballad is a must item. "Ghost House" is another. This, the last, is probably the best ballad in the book, for it has in it both the gooseflesh and the laconic, non sequitur objectivity of the true classic ballad. Such poems as "Getting Through," "The Spring," "Hen Dodder," "God Coming Home," are the kind that bring a lump to the throat. One of the most appealing poems in the book is the one entitled "Stephen Benét." And there is one poem, a slight but subversive masterpiece called "Unfinished Symphony," that another Maine poet by the name of E. A. Robinson would have been proud to sign, I think.

A few of the poems that appear in this new book are too reminiscent of earlier work to be satisfyingly fresh to the reader. Sometimes, too, one wishes Robert P. Tristam Coffin would abandon the couplet for a while and just see what happens. Thirty-one poems in this volume rhyme in couplets. But then, the majority of Mr. Coffin's best-loved poems have appeared in couplets in the past.

Memorable Lines

THE FAULTLESS SHORE AND OTHER POEMS. By Edward Weismiller. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 12 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by MARTHA OTIS SMITH

IT is a pleasure to read Mr. Weismiller's book. For anyone (like myself) who has humbly practised the art of poetry there is something encouraging in coming upon an artist who so often and so happily appears to achieve his intent. Without ranging very widely in any direction (that is to say he prefers to remain strictly personal and lyrical in this book), Mr. Weismiller's volume combines a depth of feeling and solidity of mind with a true felicity of expression. He really knows what he is saying and possesses the vocabulary in which to say it. His lines have that effortless grace with which only a true poet can endow his work and which no amount of intellectual activity can bestow if the ear is not true and the pulse insensitive to poetry.

Poetry must appeal to the ear and engage the mind with ideas or images or both. If it fails in these respects it is not poetry. Out of these laws spring all the great freedoms of English verse. Mr. Weismiller, it seems to me, has comprehended the laws and achieved his personal freedom and he therefore writes memorable lines. His rhythms hold. His images burn. His ideas have meaning. His foxes and sea gulls, his blind moles and sunlight, slink and soar, come dark and velvet, or shimmer through leaves after his own particular fashion, and the reader is struck as the poet was struck. Sometimes his theme is difficult to catch. He wants rereading and thinking over. There is a fine, obscure phantasy called "Assumption" which is understandable only by a faculty other than the intellect. One almost wants antennae, I think. Mr. Weismiller sees, he fells, he writes. It is best not to read about him but to read him.

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	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
SIEGMEISTER, AMERICAN LEGENDS. Siegmeister, Am. Ballad Singers. Disc 725 (3 10″) $3.93	Nicely balanced elements. Usual realistic Disc recording, sometimes a bit coarse.	B+	Folksy songs about Lincoln, Johnny Appleseed, Nancy Hanks, etc. Solos, vocal accpt., pf. *See below.*
MOZART, SYMPHONY #38 IN D. ("PRAGUE"). St. Louis Symph., Golschmann. Victor M 1081 (3) $3.85	Rather heavily recorded. Stronger on lows, weaker on high range than most recent Victors. Makes it a bit tubby.	A	This new version is good, competent, not highly inspired. Stock's is mostly similar — not much to choose. Try Beecham (CM 509) or old Walter set (VM 457) if available, before getting Golschmann.
Comparison: (SAME) Chicago Symph. Stock. Columbia M 410 (3) $3.85	This pre-war version is low level. Would be OK if scratch were less.	B	
STRAVINSKY, FIRE BIRD SUITE. (New version.) Stravinsky, N. Y. Philh. Columbia M 653 (4) $4.85	Good example of what post-war recording can do to a brilliant piece. All you could ask for.	A—	Something queer — the new connecting "pantomimic" episodes are missing, to my ear. (I heard this in concert.) But a splendid ultra-modern performance under Stravinsky.

AMERICANISM

THERE is always a danger that the outward characteristics of an art, notably the nationalistic, patriotic aspects, will overshadow its true content in esthetic terms. That has always been the trouble with nationalism or regionalism in art, and we in the United States are surely not alone in our occasional wrong-trackedness. Today, musical Americana is enjoying a boom, based largely on sound musical values whether or not some musical sponsors are always aware of them. But so much of the homespun stuff has reached the mass production, commercial channels that endless intra-American critical battles have developed as to whether our music should be "authentic"—grass-roots and non-commercial—or not.

Yet let no one think that authenticity or nationalism is necessary evidence of musical value; or for that matter that arrangements or commercialized folk material are necessarily bad. Might be, might not be. What counts in the end, and all that counts, is pure musical worth—values of melody, rhythm, form, phrasing, the subtleties of fitting the English language (dictionary or slang) to music; and these standards apply alike to the Negro work song, the Appalachian mountain ballad, and the pretentious cantata.

The American Legends (above) are recorded and featured by Moe Asch as Americana. The poetry is by well-known American poets; the musical style, supposedly simple and homespun, is to be taken as an expression of a peculiarly American spirit. Unfortunately, as music, these songs are not only of slight musical depth but they do considerable violence to both spoken and musical language. The musical idiom is something other than simple; it is less well organized musically than the corniest cowboy song, which at least strikes a valid four square musical pattern, if a repetitious one. The melodies distort the natural phrasing and accentuation of our language as good folk music—even the most untutored—or fine art songs in any language seldom do. Americana quite aside, this just is not good music.

Far be it from me to oppose any sort of American expression, or, for that matter, musical simplicity, if it is genuine (*SRL* Jan. 11). There is nothing in the least irreconcilable between Americanism and the principles of pure music! But whatever its style, whatever its content, music is and must be judged as music. And some of our music is getting away with murder far too easily—in the name of Americana.

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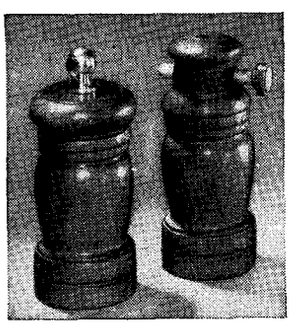

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the Phoenix Nest

RIDE IN THE SUBWAY

ON a subway train in the City of apparitions
The rider's soul communes with painted posters.
Studied indifference flings joy away for a while,
And with limpid eyes browses uneasy conscience.

There is an organic anguish coursing through the brain
And finespun hate coiling in tumultous tunnels
But somewhere is a state with all the attributes of summer
That lures to sleep the nostalgic, morbid senses.
A stranger in the corner views all with suspicion
For having sat down opposite or next to him
A shadow crosses his brow and his mood is ruffled,
Innately he becomes an enemy of mankind
Who spoil the intricate design of his dreams
Climbing tapioca tendrils.

I hear a voice crying in ancient, Babylonian markets
"Bow low, Bow low! the King of Heaven is coming down
With an April rose bud in his mouth, O tender Spring."
I awaken. The speeding downtown express threatens to leave
The tracks of time and lurch into space.
A feather like serenity settles on my neighbor's
Head and shoulders.

JUDAH M. TURKAT.

* * *

My comments on Edwin Arlington Robinson's poem "The Whip" have drawn several most interesting letters from Miss Elizabeth Millet Chase of Lewiston, Me., who berates me for thinking words have an exact meaning: "The minute you put words down on paper they stop being exact." She finds the whole poem to be an expression of sexual insecurity on the part of the poet, traceable to his early suffering, and that he is impelled by a sort of inverted sadism. I agree that sex symbolism is a fascinating study, but Robinson the teller of tales was also presenting here a definite fictional situation. From Los Altos, Calif., Mr. Yvor Winters, author of the book on Robinson which initiated my inquiry, sends me a letter I shall print in full:

> I have read your remarks on my remarks about Robinson's poem, "The Whip" [The Phoenix Nest Jan. 18, 1947]. I do not wish to rest too heavily on Mr. Don Stanford: he gave me his paraphrase by word of mouth two or three years ago, and although I am indebted to him for what may be right in what I said, I may have introduced my own errors.
>
> Your interpretation is interesting, and it may be right; I am sorry that I did not think of it first. But I cannot share your evident conviction that it is absolutely and necessarily right. There are two expressions which support your interpretation unequivocally if they are taken literally: "A neck behind," and the title, "The Whip." The former is one of the commonest of colloquial metaphors, and is quite as applicable to swimmers as to horses (when you assert that I implied that the blow was struck while the actors were still in boats, you misinterpret not only what I wrote, but what you quoted from what I wrote); the title can certainly be taken figuratively. When you say that the phrase "a neck behind" must be literal or it "would be a phrase much more clumsy than any Robinson ever used," you are, as you must be aware on second thought, speaking rashly. Robinson is full of ambiguous figures and of trite figures. He was a great poet, but not *always* a great poet or even a good one.
>
> I spoke of boats, only to get the three actors into the water. Your method of getting them in strikes me as less plausible. You say: "Obviously, in his pursuit of the lovers, the husband saw the river suddenly ahead of them, too late for them to avoid; and, as the wife saw it too, she turned in the saddle and struck him with her riding whip." Robinson, however, says:
>
> You left the two to find
> Their own way to the brink.
>
> That is, according to your version, the husband was in the water before the lovers, if we accept the brink as the first one (the brink on the way in, which you seem to imply) and if the husband was behind, this is impossible. If they all swam their horses across the river, then the *brink* may be the second, but how do you know the blow was struck before they went in? You seem to be sure about this, and I am asking for light, not complaining. As I see the poem, the three were trying to get out of the water (how they got in is a matter of minor interest to me, especially as I don't think it can be determined) when the blow was struck; the husband then decided to drown and let the others proceed to the brink. The horses are plausible, if you allow them to be in the water at the time of the blow; so are the horseless swimmers.

Of course I meant the *further* brink, and thought I had made that clear. I agree that it cannot be determined on the evidence whether the blow was struck before the three plunged in the water or afterward, though the picture the poem summons up vividly in my mind has always been of the chase before the river was reached. Then the blow was struck, then the husband "saw the river flow" before he decided to "plunge and sink."

Mrs. Herman T. Briscoe of Bloomington, Ind., has always understood the poem another way. She thinks the lover is speaking. I think a detached observer is speaking, trying to piece together what happened, and I do not believe that her theory that the husband has *enticed* the fleeing pair to the river has much of anything to substantiate it. I agree with her that the implication of the last line is, of course, that the husband was not blind but then, for the first time, saw clearly. Mrs. Briscoe goes on to discuss the sonnet "En Passant":

> As for "En Passant," if it is read on a simple level, without taking notice of the overtones, it comes clear. In the first line, "I" is a man who has come close to death but escaped it, and "him" is Death. Death has not "called" anyone for a while; he sees that this man is not food for him, and anyway the man avoids him; Death goes hungrily on, down to the shore, and there by violence takes a man who should have died on the highway but didn't ("you should have come when called"). Then Death mentions in his pique the man who successfully escaped Him, the "I" of line 1, who "came out of his own grave—and not too soon." He's almost like a fisherman whose biggest one got away. The poem is slight and has no great meaning. The trouble comes in trying to read too much into it.

Earle F. Walbridge sees it differently:

> It seems quite clear to me that the He of the poem is mad, or an Ancient Mariner type ("a soul accurst"). He has "famished eyes . . . lit with a wrong light." He has been watching the highways and now intends to watch the sea, for some person, probably an enemy, whom he is expecting. Everyone he sees may be this enemy, and has to be stopped and interrogated. Fortunately the narrator of the poem *did* stop that afternoon (he was "a gentleman" who did "come when called," "with deference always due to souls accurst"), otherwise he would have been shot by the madman. He "came out of his own grave—and not too soon," i.e., if he had ignored the madman when the latter spoke to him, he would have been instantly killed.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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(Continued on page 50)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 49)

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 676

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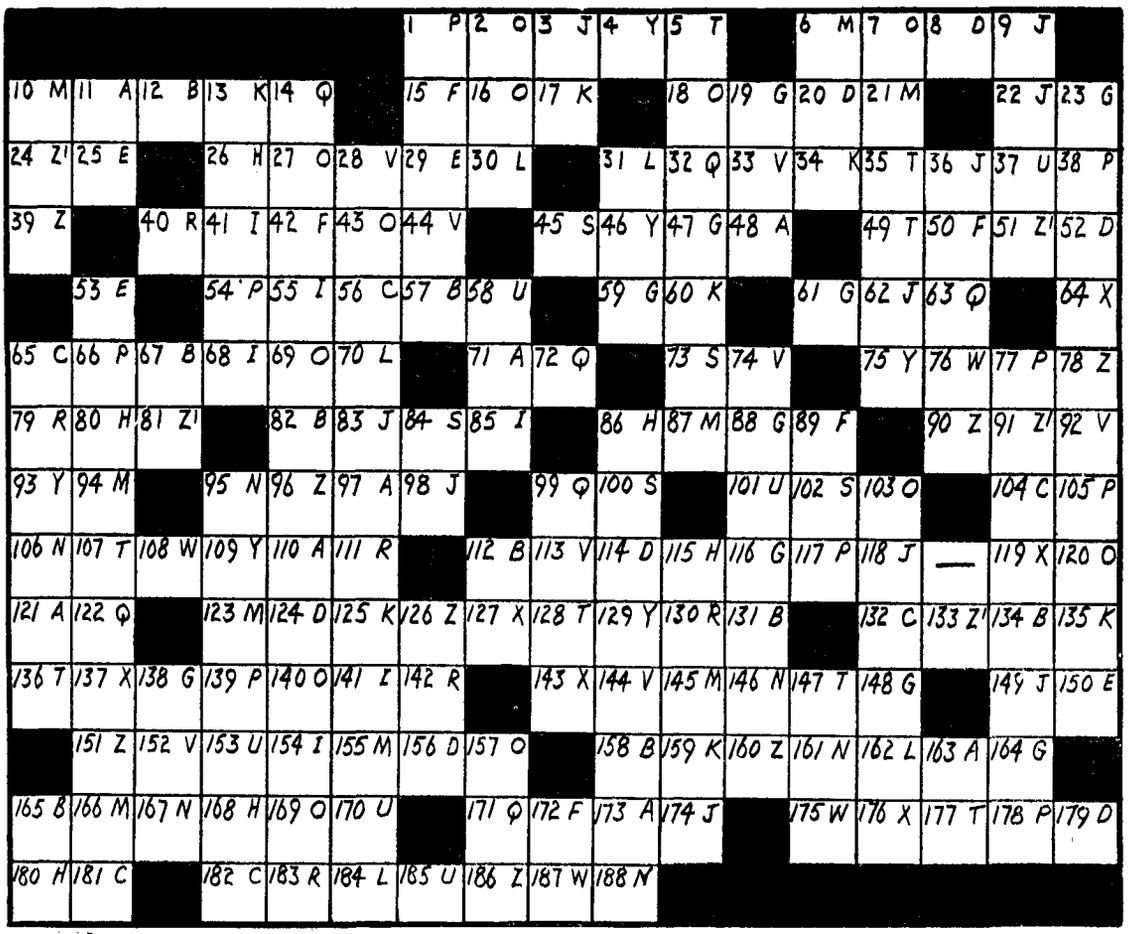
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. First name of musician in Word T.	71 11 48 173 121 110 97 163
B. Author of 1933 Pulitzer Prize novel.	158 82 165 67 57 112 12 134 131
C. Muscular; strong.	56 132 104 182 181 65
D. A spectacle.	52 20 156 124 114 8 179
E. A verse; strain; stanza (Irish).	29 53 150 25
F. Drives in or down by a succession of light or medium blows.	15 50 42 172 89
G. A weak characterless drink (Comp.).	88 61 59 47 116 138 164 19 148 23
H. Sufficiently early (2 wds.).	168 80 115 180 86 26
I. A repeated dull thud (Comp.).	154 55 68 85 41 141
J. Morbidly sentimental (from hero of a romance by Goethe).	22 3 36 98 83 9 118 149 62 174
K. King of Sidon; father of Jezebel, the wife of Ahab (Bib.).	17 60 159 125 34 135 13
L. Italian-born French composer, called founder of national French opera (1632-1687).	184 31 162 70 30
M. At any rate (Colloq.).	145 123 94 10 155 6 87 21 166
N. Weaves, as cloth, so as to produce appearance of diagonal lines on the surface.	106 95 146 167 161 188
O. Indiscriminately; rashly (3 wds.).	16 43 140 18 120 27 7 103 2 169 69 157
P. One of the rivers that bounded the Garden of Eden.	38 77 66 54 105 139 1 117 178
Q. A great deal (Colloq.).	63 122 99 32 72 171 14
R. American poet whose works deal with his native state, Kentucky (1865-1914).	111 183 40 142 79 130
S. An epithet of Zeus as worshiped in Egypt and Libya (Gr. Relig.).	84 73 45 102 100
T. Italian composer, conductor, pianist (1879-1936; see Word A).	35 5 128 147 136 177 49 107
U. River in Ireland, flowing into Dublin Bay.	185 37 170 101 153 58
V. A sea goddess who helped care for Vulcan when Juno cast him out of heaven.	28 144 152 74 44 92 33 113
W. Excels; surpasses.	187 76 175 108
X. Compresses, constrains, or brings, by or as by, torsion.	143 119 176 127 64 137
Y. A surface artificially roughened (Ceramics).	93 46 4 109 129 75
Z. Lessened the pressure or tension of, by slackening, etc. (2 wds.).	186 160 78 96 39 126 90 151
Z'. Knights of faerie.	133 91 51 24 81

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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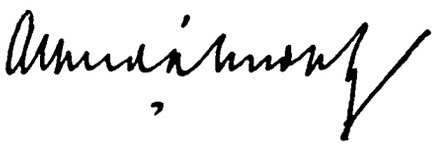

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